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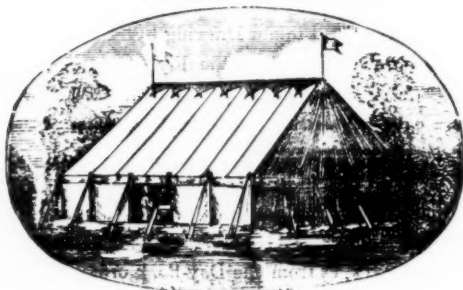
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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

From a Drawing by E. E. Minton.



ON THE ORIGIN OF THE LEGEND OF
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

BY E. E. MINTON.

That phantom ship, whose form,
Shoots like a meteor thro' the storm,
And well the doomed spectators know
'Tis harbinger of wreck and woe.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, "Rokeby," II., ii. (1812.)

OF all legends and superstitions which have gathered around the seaman's calling, that of a phantom vessel, seen in stormy weather, and considered as an omen of disaster, is the most widely spread. The Southern Ocean, east or west of the Cape of Good Hope, was the more precise *locale* of the spectre ship, known as the "Flying Dutchman." It was sometimes to be seen as far north as the latitude of the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean; at others, some degrees to the south of the Cape of Good Hope. According to some narratives, it has occasionally been sighted far to the west; in fact, nearer to the South

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American coast than the Cape of Good Hope, but without having effected the operation known to navigators, as "doubling the Cape." The story is to be found in more than one version, but that in which it has been known to English sailors for many generations past, and adapted, with additions of his own, by Captain Marryat, in his story of the "Phantom Ship," is as follows: In the year 1633, Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea captain of Amsterdam, coming home from Batavia, is baffled by head winds when off the Cape of Good Hope. For nine weeks he tries to force his passage round the Cape. Against the remonstrances of his pilot and crew, he persists for nine weeks longer. The crew, led by the pilot, mutiny, and are on the point of binding him. He strikes the pilot a heavy blow, under which the man reels, and a sudden lurch of the ship throws him overboard. Vanderdecken then kneels down, and swears by a fragment of the true cross, that he will carry out his purpose spite of storm and lightning, heaven or hell, even if he should beat about in these seas until the Day of Judgment. As a punishment for this impiety he is doomed to sail for ever in a stormy ocean, for ever struggling to pass the Southern Cape. For two centuries and more the ill-fated ship has wandered about like a ghost, doomed to be sea-tossed, and, like the Wandering Jew, never more to enjoy rest.

This picturesque and romantic tale has appealed alike to the poet, the novelist, the dramatist, and to the greatest musical genius of the age. In order to bring the story to an artistic completeness, they have sought in various ways to release the unfortunate sailor from his doom. In Marryat's noble tale, Vanderdecken's sin is expiated by the devotion of his son Philip. Heine added a new feature to the old story, in that he makes the doom of eternal wandering conditional. He may be released by the love

of a woman, who shall be "faithful unto death." Vanderdecken is, therefore, allowed to go ashore every seven years, for the purpose of seeking a bride who shall be "faithful unto death." The spell is broken by her voluntary death, and in the final tableau, the Flying Dutchman, re-united with his bride, is seen entering the gates of eternal rest, which to him had so long been closed. At the time of Heine's visit to London, in 1827, a play was running at the Adelphi, on the subject of "The Flying Dutchman," by the late Mr. Fitzball. Heine may have gathered somewhat from this play of Fitzball's. However, this version of Heine's was adopted by Wagner, with some minor additions of his own, in his grand opera, "*Der Fliegende Hollander*," first performed in England in 1870.

The genius of Richard Wagner at once grasped the deep significance, the profound thought, of which the old legend was capable of being made the vehicle. He saw that the hero could be made to symbolise that feeling of unrest, that ceaseless struggle of man in the coils of fate, which finds its solution in death and oblivion alone. The character of the fate-stricken seaman, Vanderdecken, is one of the masterpieces of musical delineation; but the most extraordinary feature in this, the work of a man who lived for the greater part of his life hundreds of miles inland, is the weird atmosphere of a wind-tossed sea, such as we know under dark skies on our own northern coasts, which breathes in every note of the music from the overture to the sailors' chorus in the last act.

The "*Deutsches Sagenbuch*" gives a Dutch legend, from which the later form of the story may have been derived. It presents marked differences from that known to Heine, Marryat, and others. A nobleman named Falkenberg, who lived in the thirteenth century, murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passion, and was con-

demned to wander for ever towards the north. He was followed by his good and evil spirits. On reaching the sea-shore, he found a boat, in which was a man, apparently waiting for him, for the man said, "Expectamus te." He entered the boat, still followed by the two spirits, and was conveyed to a silent and deserted bark. For six hundred years the ship has been wandering to and fro in the German Ocean, and Falkenberg still lingers on board, whilst the two spirits play at dice for his soul.

Another Dutch legend, which would appear to possess some basis of fact, is that of one Bernard Fokke, a native of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century. He was a daring seaman who resorted to the then usual expedient of strengthening his masts with iron to enable him to carry more sail. On one voyage he sailed from Holland to the East Indies in ninety days, and making many equally extraordinary voyages, came to be spoken of as one in league with the Devil. When he finally disappeared, the belief grew up that he had passed into that condition known as "Living Judgment," and that his vessel is still to be met with in the Southern Ocean. It is believed by many Dutch seamen that, when he sights a ship, he will give chase for the purpose of coming alongside to ask questions. If those on board should be so unwise as to answer his questions, misfortune is certain to befall them; but if they refuse to hold any communication with him, all will be well.

The German stories of phantom ships are wilder and more eerie than the story of Vanderdecken and his doom. They tell of one spectral ship to be met with in the most remote of the ocean solitudes. She has a skeleton for a captain, who grips an hour-glass in his bony hands, and his crew is made up of the ghosts of desperate sinners. Any respectable merchant vessel hailed by this ghastly

crew is doomed to founder. It was from an old German legend that Coleridge took his idea of the Death-Ship in the "Ancient Mariner." Yet another German legend speaks of a phantom ship, which is still to be seen cruising off the South American coast. A young Spanish nobleman and his wife were returning to Spain when they were murdered by the crew for the sake of their gold, and the curse of perpetual wandering descended upon their murderers.

The French have also a version of the "Flying Dutchman," which is given in Jal's "*Scènes de la Vie Maritime*." On the French coast may be found the story upon which an English poet founded his poem, "The Phantom Boat of All Souls' Night." Many of these French legends are as gruesome as those of the Germans, and all agree in one particular, viz., that the meeting with the apparition is always presageful of evil. Nothing, however, need be feared if an Ave is promptly repeated, and especially if the protection of St. Anne of Auray is invoked.

The Norwegians have a very pretty superstition of ships talking, known as "skipamal." They imagine that two ships lying at anchor together, converse, but few can hear, much less understand, the language. In a volume of Norwegian folk-lore, the story goes of a man who could understand the "Skipamal," or ship-talk, overhearing a dialogue between two whalers one night as they lay in the bay at Reykiavik. Said one vessel, "We have been long together, but to-morrow we must part." Said the other ship, "Never. Thirty years have we been together, and when one is worn out, the other must lay by." Said the first, "That will not be so: for although it is fair weather this evening, to-morrow morning it will be bad; and no one will go to sea but your captain, while I and the other ships will remain. You will sail away and

nevermore come back, and our friendship is at an end." The other ship replied, "Never; for I will not stir from this spot." To which the first ship expostulated: "But you must; this is the last night of our companioning." The other answers, "When you do not sail, neither will I. The devil must take a hand in it else." Then the captain of the ship which was to sail next day came on board, and in the early morning ordered her to be got under way; but the faithful old bark would not stir, and the crew mutinied. He shipped a fresh crew; but they could not get her out of the harbour. By this time a gale had arisen. He called on God. The wind rose higher, and the second crew mutinied like the first. He then invoked the devil, upon which the vessel flew out into the raving storm, and was lost. Her spectre still haunts the Arctic Ocean, flitting pale and ghostly among the icebergs.

From the American coast we get several stories of phantom ships. Whittier has a poem, entitled the "Wreck of the Schooner Breeze," in which the eternal tragedy of the deep becomes the source of another legend of a

Weird, unspoken sail:
She flits before no earthly blast,
With the red sign fluttering from her mast,
The ghost of the schooner Breeze!

Again, in the "Garrison of Cape Ann," he writes of

The Spectre-Ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds.

Longfellow, in the "Ship of the Dead," or the "Phantom Ship"—the title by which it is called in most editions of his poems—rehearses an old tradition of the early colonial

days. The story is told with every evidence of perfect good faith in Cotton Mather's "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," a copy of which, in two volumes, will be found in the Chetham Library, and runs thus:—In the year 1647, the inhabitants of New Haven, who were at the time passing through a period of some distress, owing to bad harvests, together with the imperfectly developed conditions under which the early colonies laboured, had decided to despatch a ship for England. Accordingly, in the January of that year, a ship of 150 tons was laden—somewhat too heavily the captain thought—with a cargo of timber and hides, for what was hoped would prove a profitable voyage to England. A number of the principal traders of New Haven went as passengers. The people assembled on the shore to bid them farewell, and it was remembered long afterwards that the minister had used the words in his prayer, "O, Lord, if it be Thy pleasure to bury our friends in the ocean, take them, for they are Thine!" The captain, Lamberton by name, however, had been heard to say that he feared she would be their grave, as she was so "walty," *i.e.*, unstable. In the month of April following, a ship arrived from England, with the alarming news that no vessel from New Haven had reached England that year. In the words of the old chronicle, "this put the people to praying." In the month of June following, one afternoon, the weather having been unsettled with thunder and rain for some days previously, a ship was seen coming up the river. The vessel drew near enough to be recognised as that of Lamberton, which had sailed for England in January. Great was the joy in the little community, where almost every one had an interest in the safe return of this vessel. She came so near that, the narrator says, a stone might have been thrown on to her deck. Even the children

cried out, "What a brave ship!" when, to the dismay of all, the topmasts seemed lifted out of their places and to vanish into the air, the sails separated from the spars and disappeared, the masts fell over the side without a sound, and then the hull faded away in a kind of mist! It was concluded that the apparition was the "mould" of the missing ship, and therefore there could be no longer any doubt of her having foundered. On the following Sabbath the event was "improved" with Puritan fervour, and the minister gave thanks to Almighty God for his mercy in sending this "Ship of Air" to quiet their troubled spirits. The account of this "apparition of a Ship in the Air" is given in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpoint, minister of New Haven. To this letter Cotton Mather adds—
"Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen, that were eyewitnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing undoubted as 'tis wonderful."

Longfellow seems to have felt the fascination of the legend of the Phantom Ship, and in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" we find another story of a phantom ship in the noble ballad of "The Carmilhan." The Carmilhan is a "Ship of the Dead" that haunts the mid-Atlantic, but is chiefly to be met with in the neighbourhood of three rocks called the "Three Chimnies." The captain of the ship Valdemar vows that if ever he meets the Carmilhan he will run her down, although he run right into eternity! He meets the Carmilhan in a gale, and true to his vow, sails over and through her, only to find his good ship Valdemar close to the three fatal rocks. She dashes on them, and all perish save the cabin boy.

From Bret Harte we get "A Greyport Legend." A local tradition of the place tells that, in the year 1797,

some children went to play on board the dismantled hull of an old vessel moored to the quay. A dense fog had settled down on sea and shore. By some mishap the fastenings from the old vessel to the quay gave way, and in the retreat of the tide the crazy hulk drifted out to sea with the children on board. The men of the little town were away at sea fishing, and the accident was not known for some hours. When the boats returned they were met by the white faces and anxious voices of mothers asking if they had heard or seen anything of the drifting hulk with its crew of children. Some of the men had heard the voices of children whilst rowing slowly homewards in the fog from the fishing ground, and had wondered thereat. Hastily they flung themselves back into the boats and rowed out once more in the thick cold fog, shouting loudly from time to time. But no trace was ever found of the children, and when the condition of the hulk was recalled to mind, it was known that it could not possibly have floated more than an hour or two. A legend grew up that often, in a fog, the voices of the children at play on the drifting hulk could still be heard. One verse of the poem runs:—

When fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal, they know, will bring relief,
For the voices of children, still at play,
In a phantom hulk that drifts away,
Through channels whose waters never fail.

But the perfect flower and crown of all this literature is the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Out of his musings and dreamings amongst old-world books, like "Purchas His Pilgrimes," "Hakluyt's Divers Voyages," "old naturalists and visionary moralists," this marvellous fantasy, this matchless work of art, is

wrought. Without any personal acquaintance with maritime life, his genius showed him

The magic of the sea, . . .
The mystery and the beauty of the ships.

—Longfellow.

Such is the dreamy, delicate grace of his treatment of the theme, that the real vessel on which the action passes becomes as unsubstantial, as spectral as the "Spectral Bark of Death," and vanishes in a fitly supernatural manner in the bay from whence she had sailed, the old familiar scene bright in the moonlight.

The ocean, as Clark Russell tells us, has its mysteries. Without seeking a basis of fact, or supposed fact, for the origin of the legend, the lore of the sea is nevertheless full of surprising and impressive incidents, such as the sudden appearance and disappearance of a distant ship through the unfolding of some unperceived mist on the horizon, and the endless variety and extraordinary character of atmospheric effects. It was the sudden vision of a vessel whose sails were dyed blood-red by the setting sun in a wide waste of angry waters, which suggested the prose story of the "Flying Dutchman" to Heine. It was the experiences of stormy weather in a voyage from Riga to England that prompted the genius of Wagner, and gave birth to the latest and noblest treatment of the legend.

How the imagination is haunted by the story of that vessel whose entire crew perished of yellow fever, at sea, drifting for an indefinite period in the region of the calms with her lifeless crew! Or that incident in one of Herman Melville's works, of a vessel which had been long given up as lost, being spoken somewhere in the very ends of the earth, cruising along as leisurely as ever, her sails all bepatched and quilted with rope yarns, her spars fished

with old pipe staves, and her rigging knotted and spliced in every direction. Her crew, composed of some twenty Greenwich-pensioner-looking old salts, who just managed to hobble about deck, and her hull encased in barnacles. What became of her eventually was never known, but she never reached home.

On the other hand we must beware of that common pitfall the "historical basis." Notwithstanding that some of the stories of phantom ships may have had a basis of incident, yet the fact of the legend being common in one form or another amongst all maritime nations, militates against this view, in the instance of the Flying Dutchman; at any rate, in the eyes of the latest school of folk-lorists. The universality of the tradition of the Deluge used to be cited as a proof of the historical character of the narrative in the book of Genesis. We are now to believe that this universality is a proof to the contrary, and that the tradition of a flood is a feature of a certain stage of human development. We may, on this hypothesis, seek for the origin of the legend of the Flying Dutchman in the original causes of all other folk-lore, and the folk-lore of the ocean will be found to have its origin in an unscientific age, when the emotions of awe and terror at the mysterious and inexplicable wrought so powerfully. Looked at from this point of view, these legends of ghost ships have all the usual characteristics of folk-lore, to wit, monotony, repetition, and even childishness. The writer of this paper has, however, no hesitation in affirming his belief in the historical character of the spectre ship known as the Flying Dutchman. That the phantom appeared in the first half of the seventeenth century, that is to say, some years after the commencement of the English and Dutch trading voyages to the East Indies; that it continued to haunt certain

latitudes for two centuries, or near that length of time, bringing misfortune in some form or other to every vessel that fell in with it there can be no doubt. From the chronicles of the sea the story may be substantiated by instances too numerous to mention. The veracity, the unimpeachable truthfulness of sea-faring men, and more especially the seamen of the old school, is well known. The novelist, the poet, and the artist may embellish, distort, or exaggerate for the purpose of his art, but to the simple sailor we go for the "truth unadorned," the "plain unvarnished tale." Whoever knew an ancient mariner to exaggerate or embellish the history of his smuggling adventures, or his miraculous escapes from shipwreck! And upon such undoubted testimony the existence of the Flying Dutchman rests. Was it not seen by the "Ter Schelling," East Indiaman, which vessel was wrecked near Table Bay two days after, only three persons being saved? Did not the Vrow Katerina get on fire after falling in with the ghost ship, from which disaster but a remnant of the crew and passengers succeeded in escaping in the boats? But the writer would affirm, with no less assurance, that the phantom ship and crew of Vanderdecken no longer haunt the Southern ocean or any other. And it was not by the constancy of woman, or the devotion of a son, or any other sacred gift or sacrifice, that the spell was broken, and the wanderers obtained release from the curse.

One day, in a certain year of the present century, an object made its appearance in that part of the ocean, which produced as much consternation on the Flying Dutchman as he had ever occasioned in the minds of mortal voyagers. A huge cloud of smoke appeared on the horizon, from under which there soon loomed a hull of great length, urged through the waves by an invisible, yet resistless

force from within. Her masts and spars, retained for appearance sake, were encrusted with a coating of soot. Puffing, snorting, throbbing, the monster ship, for such it was, pressed on, defying the wind and wave. It was an ocean-going steamer. It was more—it was modern science and the modern mind. I say, consternation seized the spectral ship and crew at the sight of this wonder, if ghosts who have been in the phantom business for two centuries can be said to feel consternation. However that may be, the phantom ship suddenly heeled to starboard, then went down stern foremost. It has never been seen since, and has, undoubtedly, disappeared for ever.





TORQUATO TASSO.

BY WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

SIGNORE ANGELO SOLERTI has this year published an exhaustive life of Tasso. It is a monument of patient, thorough research. An enormous mass of evidence has been collected, collated, and carefully sifted. Many MSS. have been rescued from libraries and collections. A multiplicity of books and documents, directly or remotely bearing upon Tasso and his times, have been laid under contribution. The result of all this painstaking and unshirking labour, occupying ten years, is a life which, in regard to facts, is finally authoritative, and in regard to conclusions drawn from the facts is of very great weight. With this work as a guide before me, it will not be superfluous to briefly recount the salient points of Torquato Tasso's career.

He was born on the 11th of March, 1544, at Sorrento. His father Bernardo was a poet of considerable repute; his mother, Portia, a woman conspicuously endowed with beauty and of a gentle disposition. Both came of good families. The child Torquato began his education at a neighbouring monastery. At eight he went to a school conducted by the Jesuits. Two years later an attempt

was made by the Imperial Viceroy to establish the recently originated Inquisition at Naples, for it will be remembered that Charles V. of Spain then held Naples and many other parts of Italy. The people resisted this attempt, and Prince Sanseverino, in whose service was Bernardo Tasso, associated himself with this popular resistance. The upshot was that the Prince and his followers, including Bernardo of course, were banished and their goods confiscated. Poor Portia drooped after this separation. In 1554 she retired to a monastery with her daughter, and Torquato joined his father in Rome. In 1556 Portia died; murdered, it was suspected, by avaricious relations, who certainly embittered the last sorrowful years of her life by greedy wrangling over her property.

Torquato was ten years old when he saw his mother for the last time. For many years he shared the wanderings of his father, who carefully superintended his education. In 1557 the pair were at the court of Pesaro, and the following year the precocious boy wrote his first sonnet in the style of Petrarca. In this year they proceeded to Venice, where Bernardo consorted with the Aldos of the celebrated Aldine press. At this time, too, he published his chief work, the "*Amadigi*," or *Amadis*—an epic on the lines of Ariosto. Meanwhile, young Torquato, though a mere boy, was for ever rhyming. In 1560, his father entered him in the Padua University to study law, hoping thus to furnish him with a means of livelihood. But, like Petrarca and Ariosto before him, the youth turned from legal studies with dislike. To him the Muse beckoned, and he followed her, fascinated.

He was necessarily a poet. The thing was fated. The son of a poet, nourished from childhood on poetry, and now in a society where every gentleman made rhymes, he was soon foremost in this pursuit. Whilst producing

ardent sonnets whenever he saw a pretty face, his mind turned to some more serious effort, by which he might make himself known. Romantic, chivalrous subjects had not yet fallen out of vogue. He would try his hand at a poem of knight-errantry. Not a trivial effort, but a round twelve cantos, duly set forth according to classical rules. In ten months the work was complete, and his admiring friends were urging its publication. His father, seeing that the case was hopeless, and that his son would never make a lawyer, gave his consent; and in 1562, while the author was still under nineteen years of age, he published the poem, and introduced it to the public in a preface of engaging frankness.

It is based on "Orlando Furioso" and the "Æneis," and relates the knightly feats of young Rinaldo. There is little human interest in it, for Rinaldo is uniformly victorious, and there is no discrimination of character. Thus, Rinaldo is a mighty hero, and is in love. Florindo is a great hero, and is in love. Other knights are heroes and in love. The ladies are all beautiful, and all ready to fall in love. The poem is one long string of jousts, fights, terrific blows, tempests, enchanted palaces, *et hoc genus omne*. The enumeration of warriors and descriptions of accoutrements do not lessen the monotony.

As regards style, the young Torquato recognises all the proprieties. He duly invokes the Muse, and calls frequent attention to Aurora, Phœbus, Cynthia, and the rest. With a steady, full stream of correct verse, he bears his narrative along. Rinaldo, for no particular purpose, sheds rivers of blood. His sword falls like lightning; his blows make the earth groan. Exaggeration runs riot. For similitudes nothing will serve but sempiternal things: thunder, lightning, the sea, earthquakes. Struck by Rinaldo, his opponent cries out, and—

Not so doth bellow e'en the furious bull ;
 Not so doth groan the wild, storm-stricken sea ;
 Not so doth roar the lion, anger-full ;
 Not so doth thunder high heaven's majesty !

Conceits are strewn about the poem. When every other man you met in the street was a rhymster, it was small wonder that conceits should be common. But it is to be regretted Tasso should so often mar his verses with them, not only in this early effort, but throughout his later and greater work. Love shoots from rosy lips a thousand arrows. The moon is bashful, for it is said of the pilot—

He contemplates the face of Luna fair,
 He sees her rosy-red and all aglow,
 Perchance with shrinking shame she shineth there,
 That naked 'mid the waves she needs must go.

But at times these rhetorical fancies are expressed with beauty (unfortunately lost in my halting translation).

Thus on a summer night, calm and serene,
 Encircled by the lucent star on high,
 The royal sister of the sun is seen
 Driving along the highways of the sky.

Already Tasso's style is easy and harmonious. Considering the blasé, decadent literature of his time, the poem is surprisingly fresh and vigorous. It is the precursor of "Gerusalemme Liberata." Such incidents as the stolen kiss of Florindo and Olinda, and the love-making of Rinaldo and Floriana herald unmistakably the amorous scenes of his masterpiece. A student of the two poems will also note with interest many phrases, figures, and incidents in the immature work, afterwards employed with more telling effect.

Torquato still pursued his studies, particularly of eloquence and philosophy. In 1563 he settled at Bologna, but the following year got into trouble as the reputed author of a stinging pasquinade, which went the rounds.

He recited this effusion with evident relish, and presently was accused of the authorship, sued, and his papers were seized. He fled to Padua. There he foregathered with a set of clever young fellows (including Guarini), who styled themselves "*L'Accademia degli Etereï*," and who produced sonnets on the smallest provocation. The inflammable Torquato, in the "happy April of his life," never lacked a mistress, whose eyebrows he incontinently celebrated in measured cadences.

In 1565, he entered the service of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, to whom he had dedicated his "*Rinaldo*," and to whose suite his father also belonged. It must be borne in mind that in those days literature was bound up with the Courts—court-nourished or court-starved. Everything was permitted to a titled nobleman; nothing to a commoner. As we shall see presently, Alfonso was all in all to Tasso, his happiness or his pain; in Byron's words:—

*Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impelled.*

The poet's own words will best bring home the unquestioning submission to temporal authority in those days:—"The princes of the earth are ministers of God and images of his power."

The next few years formed the happiest period of his life. Brilliant, learned, young, and handsome, he was a universal favourite. In 1568 we find him maintaining fifty amorous conclusions in the pedantic manner then in vogue. In 1569, the kind, genial, thoughtful Bernardo died in the arms of his son. A little later Torquato was required to accompany the Cardinal to Paris. Writing to Ercole Rondinelli, he says:—

"Since life is frail, if it shall please the Lord God to end my days in this journey to France, I pray Signore Ercole Rondinelli to deal with my affairs. And first, as to my

compositions. Let him collect my love sonnets and madrigals, and publish them; the others, whether amorous or otherwise, written for friends, I desire to have buried with me, save one only—'Now that my sweet Laura is afar.' The oration I pronounced at the opening of the Academy in Ferrara I would like published, as well as four books of the heroic poem; the six last cantos of 'Godfrey,' and of the two first ones, those stanzas which may be considered least faulty; provided, indeed, all these are revised and weighed first by Signor Scipion Gonzaga, Signor Domenico Veniero, and Signor Batista Guarino, who, for the friendship and service I have with them, will not, I am persuaded, decline this trouble. Let them know, however, that I wish them to cut down and curtail unsparingly all that they may consider poor or superfluous; but to add or change with caution, as this poem cannot but be imperfect. If any of my other compositions appear to the said gentlemen not unworthy of publication, let them be arbiters. My clothes, which are in pawn with Abram for £25, and seven pieces of tapestry, in pawn for 13 scudi with Signor Ascanio, and the goods in this house I desire to be sold, and the surplus to provide an epitaph for my father, whose body is in St. Paul's."

From Paris, where he met Ronsard, he wrote a long, interesting description of France, particularly of the capital, with its wooden houses; but there is no space for quotation. Shortly after his return he quitted the Cardinal's service, and became attached to the court of his brother, Alfonso d'Este. Here he wrote his greatest works, tasted for a brief space the keenest pleasures, and then endured such ills as fall to the lot of few. Within a few years he wrote "Aminta," the fine dramatic fragment "Galealto," and the "Gerusalemme Liberata," not to speak of many minor pieces and several noble dialogues.

In July, 1573, "Aminta" was performed at the Villa Belvedere. It is a sylvan fable, suggested by the Idylls of Theocritus (of which he had a well-thumbed copy), Bion, and Moschus, and the Eclogues of Virgil, but dramatised and kindled with the passion of love. The plot is simple.

Cupid, wayward and rebellious, escapes from Venus, and comes to practise his art among the shepherds. In the prologue he announces—

I will breathe high sentiment in rude breasts;
I will soften the words of their mouths;
For where'er I be, I am love,
In the hearts of shepherds as of heroes.

Then follows a tale of unrequited love, of despair, rumoured death, remorse, relentment, and the final joy of united lovers. The air is full of love-complaints. Love is the sole theme, the sole emotion. As in "As You Like It," we breathe the spring-tide air of immortal youth and love. Tasso gives us an idealisation of shepherd life. His dainty creatures are not simple country-folk. They are "too light and good for human nature's daily food." They live in the golden world of pastoral. Idyllic grace, refined art, a lulling and enthralling magic of words meet in a work before which, said Symonds, "criticism bends in silence."

It is worth while to dwell a little on this interesting region of Arcadia in Literature. Boccaccio, perhaps, was the first to revive the pastoral idea in modern times, as one phase of the general humanistic revival. Others followed with varying treatment of the charms of country life, intermingled with mythological figures—Venus, Cupid, Pan, Satyrs, etc. Poliziano, Sannazzaro, Beccari, all preceded Tasso. In them germinated the Pastoral; in Tasso it flowered with bright beauty. He moulded the detached pastoral scenes into the dramatic, neo-classical form of

"Aminta," and created what has been called the "most original product of the Italian stage," as it was also the last form of literature quickened by the Renaissance. Its success was immediate. It became enormously popular throughout Europe. The new style became the rage. Some two hundred pastorals were written in Italy in the next hundred and fifty years, but by feebler and feebler hands. One other fine pastoral—"Pastor Fido"—was produced by Tasso's contemporary, Guarini. In Spain, the same literary impulse inspired Cervantes' "Galatea;" in England, Spenser's "Shepherds' Calendar," Sidney's "Arcadia," Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," and all that sweet company.

Wherein lies the seductive element of "Aminta"? What are the qualities which warm the imagination and inspire a sense of delicate and refined pleasure? One is struck by the fact that it is a purely literary and artificial production. The dramatic interest is secondary, for Tasso's dramatic work is little more than a succession of monologues. His love of external nature is conventional. While at court he would dream of woods and fields, but amidst the orange groves of his Sorrento he would long for the sophisticated attractions of the court. In his poetry the country is either cloyingly beautiful—when it lends a honeyed charm to his verses—or it is vaguely savage and forbidding. "Aminta," in short, is an artifice—a new and very delightful literary form. Realism is out of the question; the only reality in it is the universal passion of love. These considerations indicate clearly why the pastorals so easily degenerated into the artificial and ridiculous. The descent was easy to ribboned and powdered dandies, capering rustically as Corydon to simpering Amaryllis, and down to the china inanities still found on our parlour mantelpieces.

But there is no lack of beauty and power and unfailing attraction in "Aminta." Difficult to analyse, perhaps, but from it we derive pleasure as from a fine painting, or a composition of sensuous music, though each may be a thing of conventions, of art forms agreed upon. It breathes a spirit of gentleness, "soft as the gentle dew of heaven." Its simplicity, freshness, and calm are balm indeed, as a contrast to the problems and hurly-burly of modern stagecraft. When Oldmixon translated and produced it in London it fell flat, and he declared it was too innocent for his public. It had "not one jest to divert 'em." The flow of words is so melodious, so "softly sweet in Lydian measures," as to almost convey the charm of music, recalling to Englishmen Coleridge or Shelley. Parts of the play were frequently set to music, and, in fact, these pastorals led to the invention of modern opera in 1594. The choruses (*cori*), in particular, are very beautiful; they scarcely partake of the action, and, as Schlegel said, "seem to echo in the air."

For mental sustentation, for moral support, for enlightenment or guidance in the serious business of life, I do not think it worth while to go to Tasso. But if we would escape from the modern rush, we might do far worse than take "Aminta" from the shelf. Here is calm for the jaded mind; here is poesy and airy fancy; here is subtle beauty of phrase; delicate choice of word and epithet; glamour of "sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," that haunt and enchant the ear. In this pastoral Tasso realises Milton's definition of poetry: "simple, sensuous, passionate."

Though Tasso was now celebrated, with many friends about him, and his wants provided for by Alfonso, a melancholy change began to be apparent in him. In 1575 he fell ill of intermittent fever. This left him weak and

querulous. His "Gerusalemme," just finished, occasioned him a vast amount of trouble, for he submitted it to persons of repute throughout the country. The cantos were sent off to every city, and he himself went about asking everybody's opinion. Each stanza, almost, was subjected to minute and absurdly scrupulous criticism. It was irregular; it was too regular; it neglected or broke through the all-important classical canons; it was a mere *rifacimento* of Ariosto (for "Orlando Furioso" was then the rage, and therefore the standard—a futile, but common form of criticism); it was irreligious, or too religious; it was this, that, and everything. Poor Tasso showed instability of purpose, and tried to follow a multitude of counsellors.

Religious doubts, also, began to oppress him. He writes:—"Often there sound horribly in my ears the angelical trumpets of the great day of rewards and punishments, and I see Thee, O Lord, sitting upon the clouds, and hear Thee utter the terrifying words—'Go, ye cursed ones, into fire eternal.'" He feared his orthodoxy was unsound, and insisted, more than once, on submitting himself for examination to the tribunal of the Inquisition. He had doubts whether his "Gerusalemme" would not be condemned by the Inquisition because of the Pagan episodes. His irresolution became evident in all things. He was dissatisfied, changeable, excessively susceptible. All about him were maligners, plotters against him. The unhappy poet estranged himself from his fellows, and people began to whisper. He thought there was a plot on foot to poison him. At last, in 1577, matters came to a crisis. Irritated at the belief, or knowledge, that he was watched, he drew a dagger on a servant in the presence of the Duchess. He was confined in his room; he escaped, and fled to his sister's in Sorrento. His mental vacillation

continued. The next year he was back at Ferrara, and again left. But wherever he wandered he could not rest. Ferrara had a magnetic influence over him. He returned there in 1579, hoping to make peace with the Duke. The place was *en fête*. The Duke was just celebrating his second marriage, and had no time to give to the poet. Tasso broke out into imprecations against the family. "Let them restore to him his MSS., his poem, his honour; let them save him from the enemies who persecuted him, who accused him of heresy, who desired his death!" At the Duke's command he was conveyed to the hospital or asylum of St. Anna, and chained as a madman. This happened on the 11th of March, 1579, the day on which he completed his thirty-fifth year. It is a curious coincidence that at this time Cervantes, the greatest of Spaniards, was in slavery, and a little later Camoens, the greatest Portuguese, died in a hospital—he, also, having suffered exile.

Was Tasso mad? Solerti says yes, unmistakably, and he does not fail to bring forward ample evidence to show that the poet was subject to fits of melancholy and outbursts of fury for the last twenty years of his life; further, that he had visions, and was the victim of hallucinations. From these facts we may arrive at widely different conclusions. A recent German critic has been assuring us that *all* modern writers are demented. Perhaps we all have a bee in our bonnets. Who shall say where eccentricity ends and insanity begins? If poor Tasso's reason was at times disordered, and it cannot be doubted, he has many mates among his brother-poets. Our conception of sanity is vague at the best, and is, I suspect, arrived at in self-defence. We feel, as practical men, that a line must be drawn somewhere, and that we must be within the line. Tasso was not a practical man. It is well. Practical men

are not uncommon. Every city is full of men who are too practical to find time to glance up at the incorruptible beauty of the sky.

That Tasso should be troubled with hallucinations while in prison is not strange. For a time he was treated with inhuman severity. Montaigne visited him, and found him in a piteous state. Aldo Manuzio, who was printing "Aminta" and other verses, described him as "pitiable, not in point of intellect, which appeared sound and whole, but for the nakedness and hunger which he suffered." The prisoner himself writes: "The uncleanness of my beard and hair, and of my clothes, afflicts me; the dirt and filth, and, above all, the solitude, which is my cruel and natural enemy." Happily these rigours were soon abated, and Alfonso gradually allowed him conveniences and a measure of liberty. He continued to write, and addressed appeals to the Duke and his sisters.

TO THE DUKE ALFONSO.

My gracious lord ! If you, indeed, complain
Of the rude license of my angry tongue,
Not from my heart, believe me, sprung the wrong,—
It honours you, and feels itself the pain.
Nor should a few rash, daring words, and vain,
Weigh against praises well matured and long,
By love and study woven into song,
Which neither ire nor avarice can stain.
Why tedious suffering then, for transient crime,
And brief rewards for ever-during fame ?
Such was not royal guerdon in old time !
Yet my right reasoning is perhaps to blame ;
Honour you gave, not borrowed, from my rhyme,—
Which to your merit's grandeur never came !

I swore, my lord ! but my unworthy oath
Was a base sacrilege, which cannot bind,
Since God alone directs and governs, both,
The greatest of His works—the human mind.
Reason I hold from Him. Who would not loathe
Such gift,—a pledge in power's vile hands to find ?

Do not forget, my lord, that even the sway
 Of sovereign kings has bounds at which it ends;
 Past them they rule not, nor should we obey.
 He who to any mortal being bends,
 One step beyond, sins 'gainst the light of day.
 Thus, then, my soul her servile shackles rends!
 And my sound mind shall henceforth none obey
 But Him whose reign o'er kings and worlds extends.

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

To you I speak, in whom we see,
 With wondrous concord blend,
 Sense, worth, fame, beauty, modesty,
 Imploring you to lend
 Compassion to the misery
 And sufferings of your friend.
 The memory of years gone by
 O, let me in your hearts renew—
 The scenes, the thoughts, o'er which I sigh,
 The happy days I spent with you!
 And what, I ask, and where am I,
 And what I was, and where secluded,
 Whom did I trust, and whom deluded?

Daughters of heroes and of kings,
 Allow me to recall
 These, and a thousand other things,
 Sad, sweet, and mournful all!
 From me few words, more tears, grief wrings—
 Tears burning as they fall.
 For royal halls and festive bowers,
 Where, nobly serving, I
 Shared and beguiled your private hours,
 Studies, and sports, I sigh;
 And lyre, and trump, and wreathèd flowers,
 Nay, more—for freedom, health, applause,
 And even humanity's lost laws!

Why am I chased from human kind?
 What Circe in the lair
 Of brutes thus keeps me spell-confined?
 Nests have the birds of air,
 The very beasts in caverns find
 Shelter and rest, and share
 At least kind Nature's gifts and laws;

For each his food and water draws
 From wood and fountain, where,
 Wholesome, and pure, and safe, it was
 Furnished by Heaven's own care ;
 And all is bright and blest, because
 Freedom and health are there !
 I merit punishment, I own ;
 I erred, I must confess it, yet
 The fault was in the tongue alone,—
 The heart is true. Forgive, forget !
 I beg for mercy, and my woes
 May claim with pity to be heard ;
 If to my prayers your ears you close,
 Where can I hope for one kind word
 In my extremity of ill ?
 And if the pang of hope deferred
 Arise from discord in your will,
 For me must be revived again
 The fate of Meteus, or the pain.

I pray you, then, renew for me
 The claim that made you doubly fair ;
 In sweet and virtuous harmony
 Urging, resistlessly, my prayer
 With him, for whose loved sake, I swear,
 I more lament my fault than pains,
 Strange and unheard of as they are.

In 1581, the lady Leonora, sister of the Duke, died. I have not spoken of her, because it is clear that the tale of love between her and Tasso is a myth. Leonora had nothing whatever to do with either his madness or his imprisonment. It would be interesting some time to trace the growth of this myth, from Manso, through Goldoni, Goethe, Byron, Shelley, and a host of others.

No sooner was Tasso imprisoned than piratical publishers began to publish parts of his "Gerusalemme," much to his distress. A terrific paper warfare ensued. The then recently-established Accademia della Crusca attacked the poem venomously. Every pedant had a fling at it. Meantime, the people far and wide welcomed it with

delight, and six editions were published in a few months. The "mad" poet, confined in a prison while his masterpiece was taking the world, replied to his critics with remarkable vigour, learning, and mental power; wrote analytic and philosophical dialogues, and turned off sonnets for any chance comer.

But his poetical power was well-nigh exhausted. When in July, 1586, after seven years' imprisonment, he was liberated at the intercession of Prince Vincenzo Gonzaga, he was broken in health and spirits. Possibly, too, his great poem had helped to exhaust him. Though he continued to write many keenly reasoned dialogues, his poetry steadily deteriorated. For the remaining nine years of his life he wandered from Ferrara to Mantova, from Mantova to Naples, from Naples to Rome; but always ailing, melancholy, full of humours. His larger poems, the "Monte Oliveto," "Genealogia della Casa Gonzaga," "Gerusalemme Conquistata," and "Il Mondo Creato," are a sad, depressing series, illuminated only at rare intervals by the light of genius. Tasso aged, as he had matured, prematurely; and with age he grew prolix, laboured, and prosaic. His "Gerusalemme Conquistata" is a dismal effort to recast his great poem so that it might be in accordance with the classic unities, and that purged of the delightful profane episodes, it might be made more orthodox.

In 1595, he retired to the convent of St. Onofrio, Rome, saying to the monks as they helped him in, "I am come to die among you." He writes to a friend: "What will my Antonio say when he shall hear of the death of his Tasso? And I think the news will not tarry long, for I am at the end of my life. I can find no remedy for this painful ailment, now added to my many others. Almost as by a rapid torrent, I see myself carried away, helpless.

No longer must I speak of my obstinate fortune, of the ingratitude of the world, which have all but brought me to a mendicant's grave. When I think of the glory which, notwithstanding all, this century will acquire from my writings, I am not wholly without guerdon. I have been brought to the monastery of St. Onofrio, not only for the air recommended by the doctors as the best in Rome, but as it were to begin here, in converse with the devout fathers, my life in Heaven. Pray to God for me, and be sure that as I have ever loved and honoured you in this life, so shall I do that in the truer life, which belongs to true and unfeigned charity. And to the Divine grace I commend us both."

On the 25th of April, 1595, Torquato Tasso, one of the noblest of Italians, went to his rest. Death called him almost at the moment in which it was intended to crown him as poet-laureate in the capitol.

I have hurried over the last years of Tasso's life, because it is my purpose in this paper to deal only with that part of his work which is really representative of his genius. Even this can only be done fragmentarily. All his prose (and much of it is noble) must be passed by. The vast number of lyrical and smaller poems can scarcely be touched upon. And all poems written subsequent to his imprisonment I leave aside. There remain "*Rinaldo*," which I have referred to as a significant harbinger of things to come; "*Aminta*," the lovely pastoral, and "*Gerusalemme Liberata*."

Chateaubriand has remarked, in his somewhat grandiose manner, that modern times have furnished but two great subjects for epic treatment—the Crusaders, and the Discovery of America. Perhaps a worthy singer of the latter will yet be found in the great Western country. It was natural for Tasso to think of the Crusades. The militant-

christian days were not so remote as now. The immense upheaval consequent upon Luther's rebellion was a recent event. The Council of Trent, the battle of Lepanto, the Jesuitical revival, all fired the Catholic mind. Further, the subject offered many attractions to the poetic imagination. Paganism opposed to Christian faith and fervour; all Europe inspired with a fixed purpose; the Holy Land; picturesque grouping of warriors from many lands; chivalry against barbarism.

Tasso availed himself of all these materials in his romantic epic. He indeed went further. He ignored unpleasant historical facts, or threw over them the glamour of his rich imagination. He "called spirits from the vasty deep" by the aid of magic, and enlisted Hell on the side of the Infidels. To these, of course, he opposed the messengers of Heaven. So dexterously were these threads interwoven, that the poem remained for two centuries the most popular in Italian literature.

The classical element in it is considerable, for Tasso followed very closely the examples of Homer and Virgil. As a critic has said, it "rests on antique marble columns, brought from older edifices, but adorned by the fair devices, the exquisitely blended colours of fresh and original inspiration." Mr. Gladstone, in his study of the *Iliad*, has carefully compared incident for incident, and shown how closely Tasso imitated the Greek model, and Tasso himself frequently admitted this indebtedness in the true spirit of the Renaissance.

Once the framework was decided upon, the poet soon claims interest. He intended to write a great religious epic, to reawake the Christian muse, three centuries after Dante. Godfrey was to be the leader, Rinaldo and Tancred the chief champions of the holy cause. But all his conscientious prickings could not alter the real bent of

his genius. It is true the military plan is good, the action is conducted with masterly skill, the speeches of Godfrey are lofty and noble, the prowess of the Christian knights is brilliantly narrated; but the pagan fighters are more real, and therefore more interesting. Argante and Solimano, savage as they are, appeal to pity as heroic fighters against fate. Argante is boastful and audacious, but he is obstinately brave; Solimano is more silent, but how relentless and irresistible in battle! Voltaire has pointed out how finely discriminated are the characters of the warriors on either side, still more of the women. Here we reach the most remarkable attribute of the "*Gerusalemme*." It is unique among the world's epics in the importance of its love episodes. These are full of vitality and varied charm. Not battles, not clashing steel, not falling cities are of chiefest interest. The true, the supremely beautiful is inspired by love. Leigh Hunt called it "the poem of tenderness." What a bevy of fair ladies play their strange parts amidst the tumult of war! The staid Sofronia, eagerly embracing martyrdom; the fierce, impregnable Clorinda, suckled by a tigress, the brightest and noblest defender of the city; Gildippe, that other fearless Amazon; Armida, voluptuous and enslaving; last and most amiable, Erminia, whose timid devotion to Tancred, and flight through the forest, leads to another lovely picture of shepherd life, where, as in "*Aminta*," the placid calm of the country is contrasted with the rude world. The sensuous scene in Armida's garden, where she holds Rinaldo fettered by her charms, has been translated by Spenser, and incorporated, almost unchanged, in the second book of the "*Faery Queene*."

In scenes such as this Tasso is at his best. But he can be heroic in his single combats, stately in his battles, spirited, grave, or lofty at will.

Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie,
Her ruins poor the herbs in height scant pass,
So cities fall, so perish kingdoms high,
Their pride and pomp lies hid in sand and grass;
Then why should mortal man repine to die,
Whose life is air, breath wind, and body glass?

It is easy to find fault with the poem. Tasso had bitter experience of that. Scarce one of the verses passed scatheless. Every virtue was then a fault to one Dry-as-dust critic or another. The real defects are obvious enough. The general conception is too stiffly modelled on classical lines. Even the Almighty resembles the Homeric Jove, and his messages are despatched much as in Homer. Though Milton is said to have imitated Pluto's speech, Tasso is far inferior in such scenes to our poet. He has a fine passage describing the assembling of the infernal council, but immediately afterwards descends to the grotesque.

He indulges far too freely in conceits, antitheses, and far-fetched similes. He constantly employs extreme hyperbole, but these things were current poetical licences. He is absolutely devoid of the sense of humour, and is a stranger to gaiety. He has many naïvetés which a sophisticated world has long outlived. The lapse of three centuries brings a change of tastes and habits. Belief in magic is dead. The Crusades are looked at historically. But if changes have made the "Gerusalemme" seem rather antiquated, it is to some the more delightful. We can, with zest, follow Tasso's "keen thoughts of bright and linked lore" as he leads us from a battle to a love-scene; from the tented field over unknown seas to an enchanted palace; from the realm of Pluto to the seat of the Almighty.

What is the significance and tangible result of Tasso's work? It must be remembered that he lived in a time of

transition from the middle ages to the modern world. The great revival in Italy of the classics was almost spent and was giving place to reaction. Of this the establishment of the Inquisition was an evidence, for it was a counterblow to the free-thought or indifference which had accompanied the revived learning. It was an age, too, when patriotism and civil liberty were practically unknown. Italy had lost her liberty and independent spirit. Two-thirds of the country was under the Spanish yoke. She had already entered upon her long period of slavery, and had been deprived of national life.

Tasso was an epitome of his time. In him and his work was illustrated the clash of classic with modern methods; the strife of philosophy with orthodoxy; the contrast of the conventional and the subjective. With him ended the pre-eminence of Italian literature in Europe. Strictly speaking, I think that it is but a half-truth to say that a poet is the product of his time, for his genius is Heaven-sent, and wholly unconnected with his environment. It is not to be acquired, however great the faculty of taking pains. Yet Tasso is one more proof of the immense influence exercised on a poet's work by the flow and tendency of his time. Nevertheless, like all great poets, he rose above his surroundings in some respects. Though not a reformer or a prophet, his works are pure and noble in a dissolute, rapacious, and unprincipled age. He sang with wonderful sweetness and harmony of the softer and gentler attributes of human nature. He accomplished work of the highest rank in epic, pastoral, and lyric. He interests and pleases all, is unfailingly clear, and not seldom speaks from the heart to the heart.

It is painful to think that a man who has proved himself one of the world's pleasure-givers in the worthiest

sense, knew so little of happiness. He had no home after early childhood. He was condemned all his life to yield deference to his inferiors. He suffered anguish mentally and physically. The circumstances of his imprisonment have made him a by-word for the troubles of genius. Only in the flower of his youth, when he conceived his imperishable works, was he permitted to taste of the joys of life. At all other times he had to bear "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Having none of the scornful pride of Dante, he bent before the blasts of the world.

Hear him in his later days, when overtaken by gloom and sickness:—

Alas ! tears and sadness !
 Life passes and vanishes
 Like the melting frost.
 All heights and firm supports
 Are brought low and cast to earth,
 Waxing in war, waning in peace.
 The splendour of other days
 Is shadowed and dies like a sun-ray in winter.
 As the rapid, hill-side torrent,
 As the vivid lightning of the calm night,
 As wind or mist or falling star,
 So flies our fame ; and every honour
 Fades like a flower.
 What now remains of hope or longing ?
 After triumph and victor's palm
 Naught remains for the soul
 But mourning, lamentations, and sad songs.
 To what good end is friendship now, or love ?
 Alas ! tears and sadness !

Poor Tasso ! It has been thy fate to have every day of thy harassed life scrutinised as under a lens, but after all thou art proved gentle and noble, if weak and erring.
 Poor Tasso !



EIGHT LYRICS.

BY ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

AN OLD MAID.

O lovely bloomed the clover-field
O, Wherein the lovers lay;
Lip-red the fuchsia's fairy bells
Beside the twinkling bay;
O, lovely flamed the poppy flowers
Among the golden corn,
But silent through the scene I passed,
Forgotten and forlorn.

The robin sang his thankful song
In cool autumnal bowers,
Fair children danced with shouts of joy,
I thought of lonely hours:
The lovers in their splendid youth
Looked up,—their passion shone,—
Whilst perfumes filled me with a sense
Of youth for ever gone!

The soul shook in my yearning heart,—
Death bitterer could not be,—
For no man ever kissed my lips
Or spoke of love to me:
My unborn children somewhere wept,
I heard their sobs and sighs;
O, that I might have kissed their cheeks
And gazed into their eyes!

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

SING hey for the juniper green,
And the mountains mistily seen!
The bee in the bell, the fern on the fell,
The wood-pigeons cooing their love in the dell,
For Love is the lord of the scene.

Sing ho for our changeable clime,
The rose of the rock and the thyme!
The gold on the hill you may have at your will!
Hark! Waterfalls there in the shade of the ghyll,—
Wild sounds of the world at its prime!

Hurrah for the cataracts' roar,
As they leap from the heathery moor!
There, arching their spray, like flowers in the gray,
Bright rainbows are shining in glory to-day;
The thunderous battle is o'er.

So, after a tempest of tears
And passion that withers and sears, [scud
Though grief chills the blood, from the leaden-hued
Hope's rainbow will fall like a flower o'er the flood,
To banish our sorrows and fears.

THE GRAPES OF YOUTH.

LIFE gave largesse of fair grapes to me,
(Sing hey the blossoms of youth are sweet!)
Fresh from the gardens of Faëry,
Misted with vapours of Fantasy,
And luscious as Youth's grapes ever be :
(Sing hey the passing of love is fleet!)

God whispered,—“Charily one by one,”
(Sing hey the kisses of youth are sweet!)
“Eat of that fruit in shade or sun,
So shall it last till thy day be done :”
(Sing ho the pinions of love are fleet!)

The proud sun opened the morning's gate,
(Sing hey youth's pulses do wildly beat!)
And at noontide hot I seized and ate—
All,—all—with craving insatiate :
(Sing ho for passion and fire-winged feet!)

Then at gloaming time my drouth waxed sore ;
(Sing hey how slowly do worn hearts beat!)
Time offered bounty from many a store,
But God said,—“Thou prodigal, no more!”
Him vainly ever I now implore ;
(Sing hey how weary are old men's feet!)

THE CONSTANT THRUSH.

THERE lives a thrush that staunchly sings
As if the summer days were spring's,
And Love knew naught of pain :
In autumn, too, his fervent psalms
Make glad the momentary calms
When spring seems back again.

He pipes a cheerful note for me
When I am full of misery,
Beneath the city-clouds ;
He makes his life a sacrifice
To tell me of earth's paradise
Remote from noisy crowds.

Sometimes I think, when sick for joy,
That all the sweetness of the boy
Is gall within the man :
And that my old self lives apart
Within that poet thrush's heart,
Beyond Fate's bitter ban.

THE RE-AWAKENING.

THE sleeping soul in this intranquil breast,
Forgetful of past song and song's delight,
Lay trance-bound, and the day seemed almost night;
When, hearing thy most precious melody,
I saw a rolling moorland and the crest
Of a blue hill, a raven's lofty flight,
And the grey splendour of the northern sea.

The scene took life within my brain: I heard
More than thy music, for I heard God speak:
"What gift," He cried, "is that which thou dost seek?—
The gift I gave outshines a world of gold!"
Then with a morning breath my spirit stirred,
Resolve ran flaming into either cheek;
"No more," I said, "shall I be bought and sold!"

My soul awoke and opened wide her eyes,
Spread venturous wings, and rose into the blue,
And like a tempest-riding falcon flew
To thine abode among thy glorious peers
In earth's fair, unsuspected paradise;
And, seeing there thy beckoning smile, she knew
The tears within her eyes were happy tears.

Is not the breath of Poesy most sweet?
More bright and bounteous are her gifts to me
Than heather billows to the blithesome bee
Dizzy with mead of the empurpled moor;
In happy mood she sits at Beauty's feet
And shows me wonders I alone may see,
All touched with radiance from God's open door.

ACCEPTED.

I.

TO-DAY is full of coming days:
Upon my infant empire's throne
I sit within a light of praise,
Alone, yet not alone.

A noble kingdom now is mine,—
The fairest realm beneath the skies:
That realm wherein her soul doth shine
In two serene blue eyes.

The gracious garden of her breast
Is mine: I stood beside its door
And knocked, full weary for my rest,
And sorrowful and poor.

She showed to me,—a soul forlorn,—
Her spirit's perfect splendour: fair
As Parian marble touched by morn
Her lovely features were.

Like sunrise on a milky rose
The fire that fell upon her cheeks,
Or such auroral light as glows
On solemn Alpine peaks.

How cold I thought her once! No hint
She gave of fiery love untold;
But flame lies hot within the flint
Although the stone be cold.

The light that shone upon her face
Fell from an unknown fairer sky
That domes the beatific place
Of love and mystery.

II.

I see the prints of unseen feet
That passed in mist and morning dew,—
The Spring's,—whose smiles are fair and fleet,
Whose hours are fair and few.

Morn swung the censers of the wood
In honour of this golden hour,
And bade the poppy doff her hood
The hawthorn break in flower.

Surely an unseen eremite
Walks in this golden-fretted gloom
With frankincense of fir? Delight
Springs from the rich perfume.

The cuckoo calls; the bluebells hang
Serenely in the Eden-glow;
The adder has forgot her fang,
The ringdove all her woe.

The high hills' velvet slopes enclose
An unfamiliar joy; the wind
Like some mysterious essence flows
Through body and through mind.

III.

Mirrored within the liquid eyes
Of cattle basking on the lea
Earth is an elfin paradise,—
A pictured fantasy.

If she were in the mead, her grace
Within those orbs would be displayed,
And she would have a fairy face
And seem a fairy maid.

But her dear eyes have no such scene
Reflected in their sunny deeps;
One face alone may there be seen,
Hid only when she sleeps.

IV.

The soul is fashioned by our thought,
Our life is fashioned by the soul,
And earth's fair scenes are surely naught
But our own selves made whole!

Creation's work is now fulfilled
In me; my soul is made entire;
An unimagined zest has thrilled
My veins, and this new fire

Brings presciences of lovely years
Within the Future's mystic womb,
Untouched by grief, unchilled by tears,
Unshadowed by the tomb.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

NO honied blossoms breathe to-day,
No climbing roses court the sun;
Battalioned clouds are grim and grey,
The lingering leaves fall one by one.

Yet summer dew is in mine eyes;
The cold earth glows in splendour dressed:
My lady's blush has lit the skies
And June awakes within my breast.

There is no winter in this wind:
It is the cheerful harbinger
Of happy months, when I shall find
Love, roses, summer—all in her!

MY LADY'S EYES.

THE peach trees blush, the blackbird calls,
The sun has lovers' heat ;
On earth the spring-tide fair and fleet
Like Love's first rapture falls :
Because Love's beauty never palls
The thrush sings loud and sweet.

Now comes the deep primeval hue
To windy gulfs above,—
The sheen that fills thine eyes, my love,
The glorious rainy blue
Wherein dear spirits, tried and true,
Their fair existence prove.

Thy melting eyes are everywhere !
As April to the land
So thou to me, when hand clasps hand,—
An April passing fair :
Love's morning thrills me : I would dare
The world at thy command.

Come then, dear maid, the wild birds wake,
Thy praises they must tell ;
A bird's heart beats in me as well :
Blue bright the dreaming lake,
The leafless, honeyed willow-brake
Is golden in the dell.



BALLANTRAE, WITH AILSA CRAIG AND ARRAN IN THE DISTANCE.
From a Photograph by Foulton & Son, Ltd., Kent.



AT BALLANTRAE.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

"BALLANTRAE!" The veriest whisper of the name accidentally carried to my ears by a spring evening breeze roused memories of a roaring fire, cosy chair, slippered feet, a fat and full tobacco jar, and several weird hours with early numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*, whereto the late Robert Louis Stevenson contributed, in instalments, one of his most well-belaboured stories.

I merely queried, "Yes?"

"A cluster of the tiniest and whitest cottages," answered my friend, "straggling along a single mile of the Queen's highway from Girvan to Stranraer, and scattering a hundred yards on each side, to the hills, to the sea."

"And then?" I asked, interested.

"Half-a-dozen ruined castles, unsurpassed beauty of scenery, of sea, hill, wood, meadow, and river; trout-fishing in the Stinchar (pronounced "Stinshar"), a charmingly domesticated hotel, golf, and—bonnie lassies!"

"Then I'll go!"

The dawn of day, a little later in the year, found us in altercation at Kilmarnock with a dour Scottish railway official, who refused to be bribed, either by threats or siller, to allow our baggage in the van. We must take it

with us. How could a small—a very small—compartment hold eight full-grown men and nineteen ditto bags? Then we must take two. Bags filled one third-class compartment, and we overflowed into a first. And the reason of all this was made plain to us, when the English mail slid up to the platform, and we saw our guard in his den—"which was something between a large bathing machine and a very small second-class carriage"—up to his neck in mail bags.

We were soon scanning, with eager eyes, a succession of golf links, Troon, St. Nicholas, Prestwick; and tumbled out of the train at classic Ayr, ready for bath and breakfast. Two hours to wait for the Girvan train we occupied in a sumptuous meal at the hotel and a ramble in the little town, and after another hour in the train we arrived at Girvan, still fourteen miles from our journey's end. I can't remember how many flagons of ale—the day was really very hot—the proprietress of the waggonette—(I should say in the vernacular "machine")—served out to us; though I recollect that, after disposing of my reckoning, I experienced no small difficulty in recognising our driver. It is only fair to say that this was not the effect of my stirrup-cup; for, while we were fortifying ourselves, that whilom ragged, woe-begone ostler had washed his face, put on a pair of top-boots with worn bottoms, donned a blue coat gorgeously bespattered with brass buttons, and a tall silk hat of the reign of—some-where about—Queen Anne, with the nap carefully brushed in the wrong direction. I think it must have been one of his red-letter days; it could not be often that he drove twenty-five shillings' worth of gentlemen, with free drinks and half-a-crown for himself. I have often wondered whether he reached home with his animals and rolling stock intact.

That ride was the best part of our journey, all along the sea-coast. It was as full of beauty as our Jehu was of ale and information; and he was an encyclopædia of local lore, and dilated upon all the gossip that legends and other lies had fastened to the neighbourhood. When we reached Gamesloup, where the narrow road attaining its highest point above the shore, actually overhanging it, and at the same time bending in two curves like an S, is a test of the coolness and skill of the boldest driver—a touch on the wrong rein, a frightened horse, a skidding wheel, and Ballantrae may not be reached—he told us this spot was known wherever Scottish ballads are read, as “Fause Sir John’s Loup,” being the scene of the tragedy in the ballad of “May Colvine and Fause Sir John.” The legend runs that Sir John, the Laird of Carleton, the ruins of whose castle are still to be seen higher up the headland, was a veritable Bluebeard, his pleasure being to marry bonnie lassies for their dowers and then drown them in the chasm at Gamesloup. He succeeded with seven or eight—the versions vary, and one damsel more or less does not matter in a ballad—but with May, the parallel of Fatima in the nursery story, his part in the event, to say the least of it, turned out unsatisfactory for him. The manner of the happening was in this wise:—

“Loup aff the steed,” says fause Sir John,

“Your bridal bed ye see;

Here hae I drooned seven ladies fair,

The eighth ane ye shall be.”

“Cast aff,” says he, “your jewels fine,

Cast aff your silken gown,

They are ower fine and ower costlly

To rot in the saut sea foam.”

It was a lanesome, grewsome place,

Nae house to it was nigh,

The fatal rocks were high and steep,

And nane could hear her cry.

"O turn ye aboot, thou fause Sir John,
 And look to the leaf o' the tree,
 For it never became a gentleman
 A naked woman to see."

He turned himself straight round about
 To look to the leaf o' the tree;
 She has twined her arms about his waist,
 And thrown *him* into the sea.

"Now, lie *thou* there, thou fause Sir John,
 Where ye thocht to lay *me*;
 Although ye'd hae stripped me to the skin,
 Your *claes* ye hae gotten wi' thee."

A short distance from this romantic spot Bennane Head is reached, and thence our eyes were brightened by the sight of a smattering of cottages gleaming white in the sun, and nestling in the narrow cradle between warm green hillsides and a sleepy blue sea. And this is Ballantrae, the "village by the sea." We drove along the only street, known as "The Street," not on account of postal requirements—a telegraphic address, even unregistered, will find anyone actually in the place, whether visitor or native—but merely, I suppose, because some title is becoming in fit contrast to McSomebody's Way or McSo-and-So's Corner, or some other passage too diminutive for a dignified substantive like "street." All the public buildings and pleasure resorts, with the exception of the Manse, the Tennis Courts, and the sea-shore, are situated in The Street. The Golf House first, then the Coast-guard's cottage; the Hotel close by, flanking conveniently the Police Station, whose terrors are mollified by a mass of flowers. A little way on, next to the smallest cemetery I ever saw, is the Established Kirk, crowned by the public clock—a piebald curiosity with faces of varying complexion, two white, two black. Opposite are the Bank and the Post Office. A few yards away the Free Kirk overlooks the Bowling Green, on the far side of which the



THE STREET, BALLANTRAE.

From a Photograph by Foulton & Son, Lee, Kent.

ruins of Ardstincher Castle command the whole neighbourhood, and the street, a quarter mile long, ends at the Stincher Bridge. Here you may begin to catch trout, provided you are duly licensed by competent authority, and possess sufficient experience, patience, and strength to land a speckled beauty large enough not to be mistaken for bait.

Our arrival in the village was a public event, at any rate for the crowd of bare-legged laddies who jostled one another around our machine as it drew up at the sign of the "King's Arms," with unabashed curiosity and both eyes on business; for is it not an axiom of paramount importance to caddies that wherever there are golf-bags, there also are bawbees? and does not every Scottish laddie know for a primal truth that every Saxon who comes to Scotland has "mair siller than sense"? from which I, with a memory of a lovely country, altogether dissent. Our door was therefore picketed by these urchins all dinner-time. Some, indeed, preferred to lean against the grocer's opposite, in a variety of picturesque attitudes, in order to forecast our pecuniary probabilities through the open window of the dining-room. They were a handsome batch of laddies—physical comeliness is a feature at Ballantrae—and many bore the proudest names. "Claud," for instance, though he was a gentleman, and, perhaps, a "richt gude gowfer," and could, doubtless, have given a better account of his doings on the links with one club than some of us with half a dozen. He caddied for the love of the game, and booked only by the week. Jock Mitchell, on the other hand, economically clad in a straw hat, a jersey, a pair of *very* short breeks, and his own brown skin tanned to the consistency of leather, would caddy for a round for any price from "twa bawbees uppards." Remuneration of a silver sixpence had such an impression on his young mind

that he was emboldened to waylay me at dusk with, "If ye please, sir, arr ye gaun gowfin' the mornn?" "What! on the Sabbath, Jock?" "Na, sir, no' o' the Sawbath—o' Monda' mornn?" "But you are going to school." "Na, sir, ma mither says I'm no' tae gae tae schule gin I can gae caddyin'. Saxpence is saxpence i' Ballantrae." Another of the fraternity rejoiced in the magnificent name of William Wallace, otherwise and mostly, just "Wullie." He wore clothes that had evidently belonged to some ancestor not so remote as his great forbear, but fitting him quite as well as his name; and carried our clubs with a countenance sullen and severe, as though he were saying, "To what base uses have I descended! Imagine me—William Wallace, the terror of the English—caddyin' for a hated Southron!" It was of him—though I fancy the story to be apocryphal—that Alec Tait, the smith, one morning, after "Gude mornn tae ye," said that "a Saxon was here the last summer, and Wullie Wallace was his caddy. He drove his firrst ba' tae the sea-shorre, an' then he speired at Wullie, "Hoo farr is't roond, laddie?" "Weel, sir, when Maister Macalister gaes roond, it's aboot *four* mile, but the gait ye're gaun it'll be abune *ten*!"

"Ballantrae," says a local guide-book, "is a nice, breezy, clean-swept, widely-scattered village of some 800 inhabitants, once solely intent on catching fish, now also intent on catching 'saut-water folk.' Consequently, it has golf links, lawn tennis courts, and bowling greens, with a public clock, library, and reading room." The author, wisely I think, omits all mention of the two Kirks, possibly through fear of appalling the weary city man, who, when taking holiday from the daily round and common task, includes "Church" in the forefront of the duties that may joyfully be dispensed with. Each Kirk is more than large enough to minister to the spiritual needs

of all the people that can possibly be housed in Ballantrae at any one time. Both hold services every Sabbath morning, but, although they are to some extent rivals, they yield alternate afternoons to each other in a most gracious and tolerant manner, because of the sparsity of congregation, and presumably, a corresponding modesty in the collections. The guide unaccountably forgets the most important institution in the village, "The" Hotel. A briskly-governed little hostelry, where the perfume of lavender prevails over that of alcohol; where one breakfasts, among other dainties, on Sandy M'Tavish's herrings within a half-hour of their leaving the sea, and whose salmon, flounder, and turbot are brought to table almost too fresh; where, at least, a pint of Ayrshire cream, as thick as custard, and a dish of honey, accompany every meal; where one does not eat mere bread, but rolls and scones and baps and bannocks and biscuits and cakes hot from the oven; and where the eggs are as fresh as the fish—"We lays 'em oorsels" explained the maid. We did not envy Friar Tuck or even Lucullus; they couldn't "gowf" after breakfast.

Ballantrae is still primitive, and therefore wholesome and interesting in various ways. I was told, apologetically, that the conveniences for bathing were primitive. Experiment showed me but one convenience, and that more primitive than mankind himself—the boundless, eternal sea. There was not another. Of all "machines" (which in the Ballantrae tongue means all wheeled concerns, from a brougham to a mangle) that Ballantrae can produce—and it can offer a wonderful and extensive variety—it stops short at a bathing-machine; a vehicle, that, for my part, I regard as rather an inconvenience. One can here plunge into the water without a preliminary inspection of innumerable contusions produced by a ride in a peri-

patetic torture-chamber such as English respectability considers necessary. All that is needed at Ballantrae is that you choose some clean, soft, dry spot on the seashore to pack your clothes in, and slide incontinently into the breakers. You will offend against no law, divine or local, and may, without fear of punishment by any authority, even advertise the fact of your bath. The utmost penalty you may incur—and it is, I believe, indeed a penance to a shy man—may be that your next bath will be witnessed by a small congregation, who, tempted by the coolth of your splashing, may bear you merry company.

Another convenience the village is fortunately short of is a gas-works. I think it will continue to be short, as there is some talk of the authorities striding at once from paraffin and tallow to electricity. They have just completed a sewage scheme, about which many curious pre-typographic placards, written in copying ink on foolscap, were to be seen adorning many walls and gables. Water, another convenience, is supplied to the majority of the inhabitants through outdoor taps—about one tap to every two rows of cottages. One fortunate row, by no means an aristocratic one, is blessed with a small well, sunk in the greensward which occupies the place of a footpath on the Queen's highway. Every Monday—the village washing-day—the female populace “to a man” revels in soapsuds. At the row with the well the kitchen boiler is built outside, over an open brick fireplace. There is thus plenty of space in which to cleanse and scour, and no one can complain of wet floors, or dinners flavoured with Hudson's Dry. The “dollying” is not done with hands. To quote “Waverley”—“two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a capacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine.” And particularly well did they succeed, from the look of the blankets and linen bleaching on the hedge



From a Photograph.

ARDSTINCHAR CASTLE.

across the way and the wall of the kailyard, a luxury, I should say necessity, that even the poorest cottager has. To judge by the men's Sunday hats—many of which seem to be heirlooms—it might be supposed that fashion is also primitive. It, however, does reach the village, and in good time too—the pink post-cart, with its driver, who dresses like a *vaquero*, acting as Mercury. The lassies, most of them pretty and all of them shapely, are too fond of golf, swimming, fishing, the open air, liberty, and convenience generally, to be hampered by the decrees of London and Paris in the way of clothing; albeit some modicum of womanly pride keeps them in touch with the latest ideas, even in bathing costumes.

The neighbourhood of Ballantrae is rich in romantic, historic, and literary association. In a day's march you can visit as many as six fragmentary castles. Carleton has been already mentioned as the residence of "Fause Sir John." It was also that of a later and better laird, to whom Samuel Rutherford addressed many of his famous letters. Ardstinchar, in Ballantrae, is the largest of the ruins, and was once the chief mansion of the Bargany Kennedys, of whom tradition says brave May Colvine was one, and Ardstinchar her home. It is also around this castle that part of the interest of Mr. Crockett's new story, "The Grey Man of Auchendrayne," centres. Another once important castle, associated with the Covenanters, is that of Knockdolian, near to which, in the little farmhouse of Knockdow, Peden the Prophet was hiding when arrested and taken to the Bass. A world-famous historical personage—the Devil—has also left behind him mementos of a time when he was more thought of, because more in evidence, than at present, in this place. On the Girvan road, our aforesaid driver pointed out the very spot where he was exorcised by the parson of Colmonell, Bible in hand, and fled to Ireland

(where he was very busy for a generation or two), excavating his way through a ledge of rock in his first fright. A short distance away we were also shown a curious formation of rocks, which the country people positively know—how, I cannot say—to be the track of the infernal navy's wheelbarrow. I willingly accept this explanation, as these same folk are so well acquainted with Burns and his works. At Ballantrae your quotations from the poems of that genius must be letter-perfect if you would not have even the humblest villager regard you as positively illiterate. He is proud of his "Robin," who, in that famous song, "My Nannie, O," names Ballantrae's bonnie river in its first line—

Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows.*

Ballantrae itself is responsible for the title only of the late Mr. Stevenson's story, "The Master of Ballantrae." If local wisdom is to be relied upon, you will be far wide of your mark should you search in the immediate district for that uncertain and unsatisfactory pigment the appraisers of literary art provincialise as "local colour." I did not go in quest of it, recollecting that the Duries family lived on Solway shore and not on the Ayrshire coast. I did, however, unearth an account of two ladies from the south, who, after vainly spending a couple of days rambling round the neighbourhood, and setting agog the curiosity of the village, enquired at the Post Office for "a family of the name of Duries." "There's nane o' the name here at a'," replied the presiding genius (from whose pretty lips I had this authentic and veracious narrative), "an' there never was in truth. P'raps it's Robert Stevenson's story ye're thinkin' o'? Well—he didna' write it specially aboot this toun, but only ca'd it what he did oot o' compliment to Andrew Lang, who cam' here for the gowf."

* See Mr. Andrew Lang's latest edition of Burns.

I have hesitated to describe the lovely scenery of this region, because, to a great extent, that has been already accomplished by a far more sympathetic mind and skilful pen than mine. For the true atmosphere and aroma of the Carrick country I am willingly content to refer you to Mr. George Milner's delightful "Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran," an island we looked for every sundown. The most beautiful view in my remembrance, among a thousand, is one from the Links—a picture of the gorgeous purple pyramid of Ailsa Craig in a silver sea, with Arran, the "sleeping monarch," and the hills of Cantire on the horizon, silhouetted on a background of gold and crimson, a certain presage of halcyon weather.

Ballantrae owns no promenade, no park, no pier, nor indeed any of the devices employed at so many English seaside villages to inveigle tired mankind into further weariness of soul and body. But it is in the heart of a lovely country of hill and dale, river and sea. If you love Nature, you will see her here unsullied. If you love mankind, you will find him here near to Nature's heart, with his best characteristics and worst faults all unhidden. If you love excitement, there are, as I mentioned earlier, golf-links, tennis-courts, bowling-greens, library and reading-room, and a public clock. And if none of these advantages—especially the clock—can give your jaded soul respite from the cares of commerce, then will you be indeed dull at Ballantrae.





AMATEUR ACTING.

BY A. N. MONKHOUSE.

ONE of the most brilliant, if perhaps the most paradoxical, of dramatic critics has declared that it is the amateur to whom we must look for the salvation of the art of the theatre. A performance of "The Comedy of Errors," by the Elizabethan Stage Society, was the immediate cause of this pronouncement, but to readers of Mr. Bernard Shaw's weekly article in the *Saturday Review* it comes as no surprise. There are, of course, several grades or varieties of amateur acting which cannot be distinctly defined. We are not now concerned with the performance, by a Christmas party, of a farce or a sentimental comedy got up to while away the winter evenings. Nor, indeed, are we concerned with what may be considered the regular amateurs—companies which reach sometimes a respectable standard of technical competence, and which have at least a sincere love for the paraphernalia of the profession—the character-study, the well-made play, the curtain-tableau, make-up, wigs, foot-lights, and the rest. They play "The Ladies' Battle," "Caste," "Sweet Lavender"—a variety of pieces which professionals might be supposed to have exhausted—and

play them sometimes quite efficiently. Their success is measured commonly by the nearness of their approach to their professional comrades; their essays are, indeed, in a profession rather than in an art. Upon the life and progress of dramatic art they have, it need hardly be said, little effect, though it is possible that such training as they obtain may prompt them to demand from professional actors the maintenance of a certain standard of technical accomplishment. But the actors of whom I wish to write, and who exist, I suppose, rather *in posse* than *in esse*, will not be content to follow in the wake. If they do not aspire to lead they will, at least, claim the right to a separate existence. They will rush in where angels fear to tread; if the mounting of a piece deters Mr. Irving, they will play it without scenery; if Mr. Tree rejects a character as beyond the scope of make-up, they will play it without make-up. They need stick at nothing when once they have recognised that London successes are to be avoided, and that, if they cannot compete with the professional on his own ground, his ground is, after all, only a small and scanty patch in the great field of art. And let them not be discouraged by technicalities which it is difficult to acquire. Some people insist that an actor should be able to move gracefully and to speak distinctly. These accomplishments, useful and desirable as they are, are sometimes actually elevated to the rank of essentials. The essential is, surely, that the actor should by any means be capable of expressing something of the dramatist in terms of his own nature. A dull person may walk and speak admirably, but his capacity to touch us is limited by his dulness. There is no hope, no possibility in him; training in stock companies for years, traditions of the stage for centuries, merely deepen his dulness. Whereas, an actor may move on crutches; he may not articulate a word distinctly; if he

has imagination, it will out; if he has intelligence, he will display it. Here are the essential things—intelligence and, at the best, imagination, and they are not confined to trained actors. Let us have grace and clearness by all means, yet it may be remembered that awkwardness is often the sign of something other than the common—it may be, higher than the common. The world is moved by the men and women who have not been too highly trained.

And let it be remembered, too, that the technique of acting is not analogous to that of painting, even of literature. We are all acting, all day long; some better than others. Acting is not insincerity; it is full and delicate expression. We know the good actors whom we meet every day. They say the word with the right emphasis; they give the indication without stress; their anger moves us, their applause elates us, for they are measured; they do what they try to do. They are amateurs; they love acting because they love an ordered and expressive life.

My appeal is to them, if appeal it may be called. Their lives may become infinitely interesting if they will, from time to time, idealise their parts. The real delights of acting are something more than the attraction of the stage. It is not the mere Bohemianism, the glare of the footlights, the sawdust and the paint that make up the attraction. Rather, may we not believe, it is the craving of the artist to work in the material near at hand; the eternal fascination of make-believe. The amateur need not—should not—regard the elaboration of a complex, costly paraphernalia. He must not fritter himself away in such things, but aspire to penetrate to the essence. Grandiose effects, stage diablerie, limelight tragedy have always been beyond his scope; at his boldest he has attempted the sword and cloak. These things, and many more, are extraneous. The amateur of the future may find satisfaction in speaking

scraps of dialogue to a responsive friend over the fire of an evening. They may try them this way or that, with no thought of a garish public performance, but with the desire to produce, to accentuate, to refine. Their art will be something delicate and intimate, a means for closer communion, a personal expression, an attempt at a closer apprehension, a deepening of life. To play the variations on a mood, even on an attitude, would, it may be said, give the rein to affectation. Well, there is the danger of affectation in everything but sheer dulness, and affectation bears this relation to sincerity that it at least implies an effort. Of course, it will be understood that this is a particular and narrow development that we are considering. I do not commit myself to more than somewhat vague suggestions; that it may be possible to assume dramatic relations and to develop them with extemporised speech, and that dramatic literature may be interpreted or illuminated without accessories. For it is possible to conceive a dialogue of untrained actors, with no alarms and excursions, no moppings of the brow, no bellowings of the robust tragical, that would yet be interesting. It is not necessary for dramatic action that the furniture should be disturbed. The human voice is a delicate instrument, but an effective one; gesture may be confined within narrow limits without losing anything of its expressiveness. And to give value to dialogue needs little special training for people of temperament and culture.

It may be that this is not a florid picture, nor is it a convincingly comfortable one—a couple of amateurs giving a graduated expression to the crudities of other amateurs—for decidedly the amateurs must write plays too. It might—nay, it must—produce some hideous results. But if we create the monster, could it not be destroyed, if necessary, by robust criticism? Every

development has its risks and its disadvantages. It would be something to lighten the burden of life for a class upon whom it bears hardly, for many persons of refinement take little mental exercise of a joyous or spontaneous kind. Let them occasionally relax their efforts to accomplish work of lasting value. It would be something to produce a finer quality of froth, and it seems only fair that superior persons should get some fun out of their superiority—that they should have a little amusement worthy of their capacities—that they should at once relax and expand. To cultivate the fantastical without committing ourselves to practical foolishness—to perpetuate and to develop the best of childhood—all this lies within the region of a possible make-believe. Why must we wait for the ponderous dramatist, the tyrannical stage-manager, when all our fancies and all our emotions wait for us to extemporise? A fine and delicate art is at our door, and we persist in our sad seriousness, our numbing disquisitions. What a barren egotism is that of the man who is content to be merely himself. He fears the exploration of his own possibilities, and trembles for the dogmas of his sincerities. To attempt the assumption of new qualities of character, to explore the depths, and to agitate the surface, to enter into many moods and many thoughts might be a step towards universal brotherhood; it would be, at least, an interesting kind of psychical research, with curious goblins of its own. There are great artistic capabilities among us that are hardly used. The woman who dresses well has the instinct of an artist, and is moving on lines parallel to the fine arts; in most cases never, unhappily, to meet them. And art, once a fashion, if really apprehended, should be capable of holding its own. It is really more interesting than many things we do—than reading the newspaper, collecting

stamps or first editions; I firmly believe that it is more interesting than whist or chess. And why are the English, then, so inartistic a nation? Is it because we confuse art with its more laborious manifestations—its picture galleries, its volumes in prose and verse, its Shakesperean revivals? We want some fresh conventions—conventions less elaborate—that may give the spirit without the burdensome pre-occupation with the letter. It should be possible to play "Shylock" in a billycock hat, or in no hat at all, and yet to get to the heart of the matter; if the managers of the Independent Theatre cannot put "Little Eyolf" or "The Wild Duck" before us we should play them for ourselves. Of course there will be incongruities, but people who are revolted by incongruities are hopeless. Set a fool before a picture, or give him a novel, and he searches for incongruities. The average play-goer wants a play "well put on the stage," the actors to "look the character," to "hold the stage," to speak distinctly, to walk naturally, to fall gracefully, to rend the general ear with horrid speech; he wants to be astounded, carried away, convulsed, tickled, confused, dazzled. Perhaps he does not regard—perhaps he does not know—the glow of satisfaction, the lifting of the heart, when the actor, by an unstressed phrase, brings home to them who wait for it the truth and art of the matter.

But all this, we shall be told, is not Shakespeare. Some people seem to think that dramatic art is synonymous with resuscitations of Shakespeare. Really, to them, Shakespeare is merely a weight on the imagination. No one whose admiration is of any value will regard him as constituting a "no thoroughfare" in dramatic art. No art can be in a healthy state that leaves no room for enthusiasm, and enthusiasm languishes where there is no room for development.

From time to time we are called upon to attend these Shakespearean revivals—revivals! he was not dead save to his fellows of the stage—and it seems to be a point of honour and good citizenship to admire them indiscriminately. There is frequently much that is good in such performances. It is good to hear the great names in the chronicle plays; to see the famous devices; to catch some glimpse of the great historic pageant; to hear the positive sound of noble and familiar lines; to realise, however roughly, something of the forms and trappings of Shakespeare's imaginings. But how futile and how ridiculous it is to assume that the popular success of one of Shakespeare's plays implies interest and appreciation of the best kind—to assume, as is common, that an audience which does not know the difference between verse and prose can receive from an actor who speaks verse as prose a kind of mystic exhalation of the true spirit. There is, indeed, embedded in the tragedy of "Macbeth" a tolerable melodrama; the great comic character of Falstaff provides some effective rough-and-tumble fun; and to such accidental circumstances as these we owe the pleasing illusion that Shakespeare is for the people, that the knowledge and insight earned by long years of faithful work and loving study are yet at the command of any man who drops in from the street. I would not depreciate the practitioners of an art that gives me so much pleasure as the art of acting, but I declare my belief that two or three amateurs—lovers of verse, persons of delicacy and temperament—could get more of the essence and of the variety from a play of Shakespeare's in fireside readings than from any of these so-called revivals. Certain broad effects they could not get, nor the illuminating flashes which we look for from an actor of surprising genius like Mr. Irving. Meanwhile, there can be no harm in an occasional public per-

formance by our refined and exotic amateurs, if they are so minded. A good fiasco may be better than a facile success. The rise of a tradition of the love of art, apart from commercial developments and from personal ambition, may do something to mitigate the immense difficulties of isolated endeavour. To make a passable imitation of some prominent actor, to die picturesquely under lime-light; to endeavour to pluck out the heart of the mystery from the "Ladies' Battle," may ultimately, it may be believed, become legitimate subjects for ridicule. The amateur actor will be recognised as a student and not as a poser. His impulsion will be the love of dramatic art and not of glory. He has always had his enthusiasms, but they have been too easy. When he plays Othello, he does indeed black himself all over. Some day he will not shrink from the perpetual hair shirt of the artist.

And the stage—the great rough, popular, living institution, which seems remote from our peevish, finicking refinements—the stage will some day answer to his peremptory demands.





ON MUSIC ILLUSTRATING SHAKESPEARE.

BY THOMAS DERBY.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

"Passionate Pilgrim."

NOW, OH NOW, I NEEDS MUST PART.

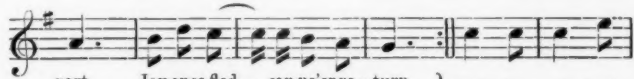
(From Dowland's First Book of Songs, 1597.)

Andante.

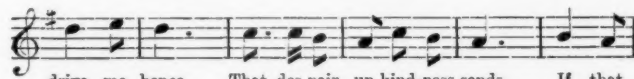
Now,	Oh	now	I	needs	must	part,	Part - ing
While	I	live	I	needs	must	love ;	Love lives
Dear,	when	I	from	thee	am	gone,	Gone are
While	I	live	I	needs	must	love,	Love lives



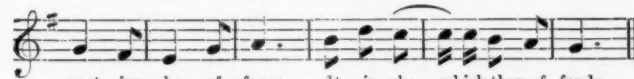
though I ab - sent mourn, Ab - sence can no joy im-
not when life is gone. Now at last des - pair doth
all my joys at once! I loved thee and thee a -
not when life is gone, Now at last des - pair doth



part, Joy once fled . . can ne'er re - turn. } Sad des - pair doth
prove, Love di - vi - - ded lov-eth none. }
lone, In whose love . I joyed once. } And al-though your
prove, Love di - vi - - ded lov-eth none. }



drive me hence, That des-pair un-kind-ness sends, If that
sight I leave, Sight wherein my joys do lie, Till that



part - ing be of - fence, It is she . . which then of - fends.
Death do sense be - reave, Ne - ver shall . . af - fec - tion die.

MUSIC and Shakespeare; Shakespeare and Music. It is a large order, and there may be something of the "madness" of presumption in one so ill-equipped as the writer attempting to execute it, although an observer might find a trace of "method" in the selection of such a subject.

Let him who does not see my point, take up the catalogue of any fairly representative library, and there, under "Shakespeare," he will find such an array of titles of pamphlets and of books, in all the sizes known to the trade, as will convince him that here at least the limit of originality has been reached, and that the writer of to-day need "cudgel *his* brains no more," our great immortal having been many times over, analytically, scientifically, philosophically, and musically treated and dissertated upon from every conceivable point

of view. Thus, he may enlighten himself as to Shakespeare's boyhood and his youth ; his manhood and his age (if so his fifty-two years may be called) ; his philosophy, his religion, and his knowledge of entomology. Here, one may convince oneself that he was the greatest poet the world has seen, or that he never was seen at all—being in sober truth nothing more substantial than a name, a myth—for that Shakespeare spells Bacon. If you need convincing, you may here find proof that his acquaintance with the Bible was considerable, and possibly that his personal morality was not co-extensive therewith ; whereon, being of this circumspect age, you may, with the Pharisee of old, lay the "flattering unction to your soul," that you are "not as other men are, or even as this poor poet." Pursuing your investigations, you may chance upon a solemn tome, written with the laudable object of convincing a sceptical generation that, though he may from time to time have exhibited a somewhat reprehensible waywardness, "Shakespeare" was "not a humbug," and, finally, as if to illustrate the passage—

To what base uses we may return,

here are his immortal plays done up into a very hotch-potch of doggerel verses.

So much, by way of introduction, and now to our subject. The question, "Was Shakespeare a musician?" has often been asked and answered. Quite recently, one of our own townsmen, Dr. Henry Watson, in his lecture on "Shakespeare from the point of view of a musician," expressed the opinion that, "Shakespeare was not a musician in the strict sense of the term, any more than he was a painter, a sculptor, or an architect. Yet he speaks of the work of such artists as one having authority, and his technical accuracy on these, as on many other subjects, is almost

proverbial. In such a sense, at least, we believe Shakespeare to have understood the technicalities of music." But, however, this may be, there is little room for doubt that he was a great lover of music; how otherwise could he so accurately have written of its sweet influences and of its subtle powers. Witness:—

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die—
That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Duke.—"Twelfth Night," Act I., Scene 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music.

Lorenzo.—"Merchant of Venice," Act V., Scene I.

Music do I hear?
Ha! ha! keep time:—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

King Richard.—"King Richard II.," Act V., Scene 5.

Preposterous ass ! that never read so far
 To know the cause why music was ordained !
 Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
 After his studies, or his usual pain ?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Lucentio.—"Taming of the Shrew," Act III, Scene 1.

Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt music ; so I charmed their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
 Which entered their frail skins.

Ariel.—"The Tempest," Act IV.

How much more might be quoted the student of Shakespeare will know ; what is set down sufficiently demonstrates the poet's love of music, and also his habit of close observation.

One can well imagine that the passage beginning—

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

embodies some youthful experience during his early life at Stratford-on-Avon, where, wandering amidst the woodland glades, carolling some of those simple ditties—the old ballads he loved so well—he, perhaps, carelessly noted the fact, that music has a strange fascination for some animals,

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.

As it was then, so it is now, a fact we ourselves proved not long ago by actual experiment upon four very young calves. They were nibbling the grass in an upland meadow, and between us ran a brawling stream. We sang to our bovine audience Stevens' beautiful setting of the song "Sigh no more, ladies," not so much on account of its appropriateness to the calves as for the reason that it is one of our favourites.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

(Balthazar.—"Much Ado About Nothing," Act II., Scene 3.)

R. J. S. STEVENS (1757-1837).

Sigh no more, la - dies, la - dies sigh no more, Men were de - ceiv - ers
Sing no more dit - ties, la - dies sing no more, Of dumps so dull and
ev - er, Men were de - ceiv - ers ev - er, One foot in sea, - and
heav - y, Of dumps so dull and heav - y, The fraud of men was
one . . on shore, To one thing constant never, To one thing constant
ev - er so . . Since summer first was leav - y, Since sum - mer first was
nev - er. } Then sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and
leav - y. }
bon - ny, And be you blithe and bon - ny, Con - vert - ing all your
sounds of woe, Convert - ing all your sounds of woe, To hey non - ny, non - ny,
hey non - ny, non - ny, hey non - ny, non - ny, hey non - ny, non - ny.

At the first sounds the four ceased to nibble—their tails hung motionless, their ears pricked up, their heads began to rise. Four pairs of dreamy eyes gazed wonderingly at us; then, as with one accord, the four turned tails, and with the utmost deliberation, marched away from us, thus

rather unsettling our belief in the power of music ; but their object was soon made apparent. They were making for the ford, which lay down there about a hundred yards away ; and, as the song proceeded, they crossed the brook in solemn Indian file, and then came at a canter up the hill to the stone boundary wall, where we stood, spectators of an extremely interesting object lesson on "Music's charms."

It does not require a very close study of the subject to arrive at the conclusion that the period of Shakespeare was one of great musical activity, and also that if he himself was not a trained musician he must have had a well-informed "coach." Dr. Watson states that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains all the musical terms then in use ; and Chappell, as showing the prevalence of musical knowledge, quotes from Act I., Scene 2, the passage beginning "What would your ladyship?" He also quotes the following passage, describing an Elizabethan family circle, from Morley's "Introduction to Practical Musick," dated 1597 :—

"But supper being ended, and music books according to custom being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing ; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I *could not*, every one began to wonder ; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up, so that upon shame of mine ignorance I go now to seek out mine old friend Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholar."

Further remarkable evidence will be found in "Taming of the Shrew," Act III., Scene I.

As is well known, Queen Elizabeth was very partial to music ; indeed, she is said to have been a great player, and to have amused herself with the lute, the virginals, and

the viol. She was also particularly careful to have the Royal Chapel furnished with the best singing boys that could be procured in the kingdom, even by an extension of the royal prerogative very discordant to modern feelings in regard to the liberty of the subject. In Sir Hans Sloane's collection of MSS. in the British Museum, No. 87, there is a royal warrant of her Majesty authorising Thomas Gyles, Master of the Children of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul:—"To take up such apt and meet children as are most fit to be instructed and framed in the art and science of music and singing, as may be had and found out within any place of this our realm of England and Wales, to be by his education and bringing up made meet and liable to serve us in that behalf, when our pleasure is to call them."

And the said Thomas Gyles was authorised with his deputy or deputies, "to take up in any Cathedral or collegiate church, and in every other place or places in this our realm of England or Wales, such child or children as he or they or any of them shall find and like of, and the same child or children, by virtue hereof, for the use and service aforesaid, with them or any of them, to bring away without contradiction, stay or interruption to the contrary."

There seems to be little doubt that, although "the Italians were regarded during the sixteenth century as the chief masters and interpreters of the art of music, England had, even then, a strictly national school worthy of the country. Tallis, Byrd, Farrant, and Bevin in Church music; Morley, Ward, Wilbye and Weelkes in the madrigal; Bull, excellent in performance as in composition, Dowland ('friend of Shakespeare') in the part-song; and last, and greatest in all styles, Orlando Gibbons. These are names to which the English musician may refer with proud confidence."

One of the chief characteristics of Shakespeare's songs is that they can be sung—he wrote them to that end with such perfect appreciation of the requirements of true lyrical poetry, that it is almost impossible to read them even without dropping into some sort of musical cadence. Notice the sweet measure and rhythmical balance in the lines—

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! Come hither! Come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Again—

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen.
Although thy breath be rude.

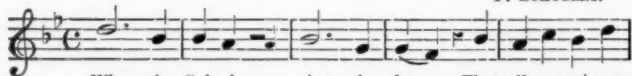
Or—

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

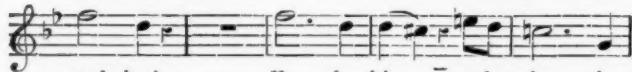
WHO IS SYLVIA?

("The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV., Scene 2.)

F. SCHUBERT.



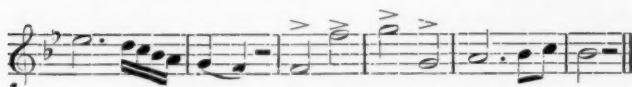
Who is Syl-via, what is she . . . That all our swains com-
Is she kind . . . as she is fair? . . . For beauty lives with
Then to Syl-via let us sing, . . . That Sylvia is ex-



mend her? Ho - ly, fair, . . . and wise is
kind - ness! . . . To her eyes . . . love doth re-
cel - ling, She ex - cels . . . each mor - tal



she, . . The heavens such grace did lend . her, That ad - mir - ed
 pair . . To help him of his blind - ness, And being helped in -
 thing . Up - on the dull earth dwell - ling, To her garlands



she might be, . . That ad - mir - ed she might be.
 ha - bits there, . And being helped in - ha - bits there.
 let us bring, . To her gar - lands let us bring.

This quality of singableness in so-called songs, is not so common as might be supposed, for a vast number of our lyrics cannot be sung at all ; whilst many of those that do get a hearing—by virtue of the eminence of the composers who have succeeded in setting them to “something remotely resembling a tune”—seem to have been written mainly for the purpose of affording the said composers an opportunity of displaying their dexterity in fitting crotchets and quavers to the most discordant and unpromising of all possible English verse.

Much of the music illustrating Shakespeare is traditional, and was in all probability considered antiquated even in his time. Some of it is exceedingly rude in structure, and may have been selected for that reason ; which would make it suitable to come from the lips of a country lout or a village clown. Take, for instance, the air sung in the graveyard scene in “Hamlet” by the first grave-digger. Sung apart from the text there is little to recommend it from any point of view. It appears, music and words, mere drivel ; the best that can be said is, that it has a certain flavour of archaic quaintness. But set in the midst of the text as placed by Shakespeare, it become, for its purpose, a positive gem. I dwell upon this point a little, because what has to be

said in regard to it applies to many of the interpolated snatches of song and ballad throughout Shakespeare's works.

As is well known, Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to head his chapters with an appropriate verse from an old ballad or an old song, if he could find one suited to his purpose; but when his memory failed him, he promptly drew upon his imagination, and composed a few lines, still undersigning them, "Old ballad."

Shakespeare was an equally devoted ballad-monger, and he has made such use of the contemporary folk-songs and ballads, that even so thorough an enquirer as Chappell finds it difficult, in some instances, to decide whether certain songs are Shakespeare's own or were merely selected by him from the popular ditties of his time.

The appropriateness of the grave-digger's song, "I loathe that I did love," will be better appreciated after hearing a little of the ponderous clod-like humour of the two grave-diggers; but before quoting from the scene, I venture upon a personal reminiscence.

Many years ago, in the early days of the Penny Reading movement, the writer was one of a misguided party who ventured at a school entertainment, and before a crowded audience, to put on this scene in real earnest. Fired with youthful ambition, they deemed the occasion a great one; the properties were all there—pickaxes, spades, suitable refreshments; a hole in the platform with plenty of clay, and here and there a dried bone and a few skulls, amongst which was poor Yorick's. The writer, who had taken upon himself the title part, ought to have made his mark—nay, even now, looking back over the quarter of a century that intervenes, he feels sure that he not only ought to have done so, but that had it not been for the over much action of the first grave-digger, he would have made a

success that might have clung to him during the term of his natural life.

The scene proved very impressive. Hamlet had taken the skull from the grimy hands of the grave-digger, assuming the while a grief-withered expression suitable to the occasion, and was, so he thought, winning golden opinions by his delivery of the passage, beginning, "Alas! poor Yorick!" He had pointed out to Horatio the place where Yorick's lips were used to hang; and, gazing at the grinning skull, was asking it—

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?

when the house "riz" on us, and peal after peal of laughter greeted the melancholy lines.

It then appeared that throughout the grisly discourse, the madcap sexton, with the laudable purpose to make the scene go, had been standing on his head in the newly-dug grave, and otherwise so conducting himself as to divert the attention of the audience from the measured magnificence of Hamlet's impressive awfulness, with the result that the tragic scene was transformed into a burlesque of the deepest dye.

And now, after this too long digression, for a taste of the heavy humour of the grave-diggers, which makes a fitting framework for the equally heavy song, "I loathe that I did love."

It will be remembered that the lady Ophelia, having been vilely misused by Hamlet, goes mad, and either commits suicide, or is accidentally drowned. Her grave is to be made, and Scene 1, Act V., is

A CHURCHYARD.

(Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.)

- 1 CLOWN. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
- 2 CLOWN. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

- 1 CLOWN. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?
 2 CLOWN. Why, 'tis found so.
 1 CLOWN. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly.
 2 CLOWN. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—
 1 CLOWN. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.
 2 CLOWN. But is this law?
 1 CLOWN. Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest-law.

The dialogue continues until the first grave-digger closes it abruptly by answering his own question thus—

- 1 CLOWN. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next say, a grave-digger; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown *digs, and sings.*

IN YOUTH, WHEN I DID LOVE.

In youth, when I did love, did love, Me-
 But age with his steal - - ing steps, Hath
 A pick - - axe and a spade, a spade, For—

thought, it was ve - ry sweet, To con - tract, O, the time, for
 claw'd me in his clutch, And hath ship - ped me in-
 and a shroud - ing sheet: O, a pit of clay for

ah, my be-hove, O, me-thought, there was no - thing meet.
 to the land, As if I had nev - er been such.
 to be made For such a guest is meet.

Percy includes the original of this song in his "Reliques," and says:—"The grave-digger's song in

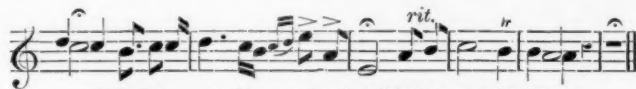
'Hamlet' is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad singers of Shakespeare's time; or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown."

Many of the traditional tunes introduced into the plays are of this coarse type, but much of the music used and referred to is of high quality; take, for example, Ophelia's song, "How should I your true love know," which, for sweet melancholy, would be difficult to match.

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW?



How should I your true love know From a - no - ther
La - dy, he is dead and gone, He is dead and
White his shroud as mountain snow, Lard-ed all with sweet



one? By his coc - kle hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.
gone. At his head a green grass turf, At his heels a stone.
flow-ers, Which be-wept to the grave did go, With true love showers.

Another very characteristic and beautiful, but grief-laden, ballad is introduced in Act IV., Scene 3, of "Othello." Iago has succeeded in poisoning Othello's mind, and the unhappy Desdemona, who sings the air, has a presentiment of impending trouble. Obedient to her husband's commands, she is about to retire to bed; but before her attendant Emilia leaves her for the night they converse a little:—

EMILIA. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DESDEMONA. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

EMILIA.

Come, come, you talk.

DESDEMONA. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;
 She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
 And did forsake her : she had a song of " willow " ;
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
 And she died singing it : that song to-night
 Will not go from my mind : I have much to do,
 But to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it like poor Barbara.—Pr'ythee, despatch.

EMILIA. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

DESDEMONA. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMILIA. A very handsome man.

DESDEMONA. And he speaks well.

EMILIA. I know a lady in Venice who would have walked barefoot to
 Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

DESDEMONA (*singing*) :

THE POOR SOUL SAT SIGHING.

The poor soul sat sigh-ing by a sy-ca-more tree, Sing
 all a green wil-low. Her hand on her bo-som, her
 head on her knee, Sing wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low. The
 fresh streams ran by her. And mur-mur'd her moans. Sing
 all a green wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, Her
 salt tears fell from her and soft-en'd the stones.

The traditional music, however, is not all of this sad character, but moves with the mimic life wherein it is

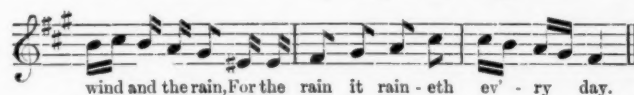
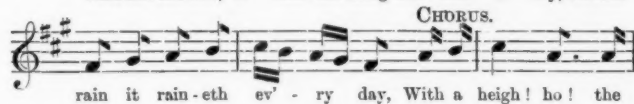
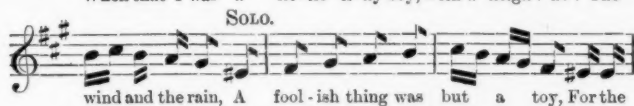
set, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Take the song sung by the Clown in "Twelfth Night"—a mere string of nonsense verses, but the tune which has been handed down with them is both melodious and lively. Sung as intermixed solo and chorus, it goes with an inspiriting swing:—

WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY.

Sung as Epilogue.

SOLO.

CHORUS.



But when I came to man's estate,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
By awaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

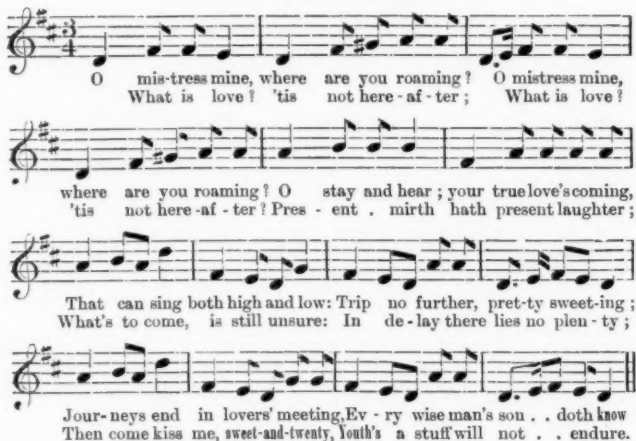
But when I came unto my bed,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done—
And we'll strive to please you every day.

In the same play the Clown also sings a quaint little love song, the words of which may or may not be Shakespeare's. Chappell, whilst leaving the question open, points out that, whilst the song appears in Morley's "Consort Lessons" (1599), "Twelfth Night" was a popular play in 1602.

O MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?

("Twelfth Night," Act II., Scene 3.)



O mis-tress mine, where are you roaming? O mistress mine,
What is love? 'tis not here - af - ter; What is love?
where are you roaming? O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
'tis not here - af - ter? Pres - ent . mirth hath present laughter;
That can sing both high and low: Trip no further, pret-ty sweet-ing;
What's to come, is still unsure: In de - lay there lies no plen - ty;
Jour-neys end in lovers' meeting, Ev - ry wise man's son . . doth know
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty, Youth's a stuff will not . . endure.

Another delightful bit is found at the end of Scene 2, Act IV., of "Winter's Tale." Autolycus, having picked the pocket of the Clown, retires singing a song which is traditional, both as to music and words, the latter appearing in a collection entitled, "The Antidote against Melancholy," and here most appropriately put into the mouth of one of the lightest-hearted-and-fingered scamps in the whole realm of literature, ancient or modern:—

CLOWN. Shall I bring thee on the way?

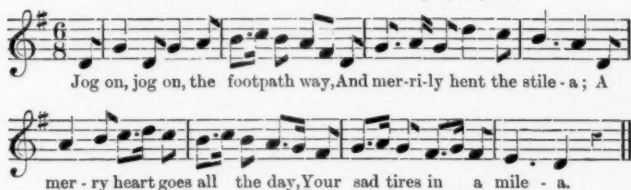
AUTOLYCUS. No, good-faced air; no, sweet air.

CLOWN. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir! (*Exit Clown.*) Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

JOG ON, JOG ON, THE FOOTPATH WAY.

(Tune, "Sir Francis Drake," or "Eighty-eight.")



(Tune, "Eighty-eight.")

In eighty-eight, ere I was born,
As I can well remember,
In August was a fleet prepared,
The month before September.

Also, *vide* Chappell, see a black-letter ballad (folios 30 and 1103), preserved in Chetham Library, Manchester, and written to tune of "Eighty-eight":—

Since Popery of late is so much in debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear openly to declare
That the ballad-makers are for it.

We must now end our references to the traditional music by quoting a verse from the song called "Green Sleeves." In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II., Scene 1, Mistress Ford gives her estimate of Falstaff's character, thus:—

MISTRESS FORD. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves."

In Act V., Scene 5, the tune is again mentioned, this time by Falstaff, which seems to point to the conclusion that the tune must have been either a favourite of Shakespeare's, or that it was very popular at the time:—

(*Midnight in the Park.*)

MISTRESS FORD. Sir John? Art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

FALSTAFF. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves."

Here is a verse of the song:—

ALAS, MY LOVE, YOU DO ME WRONG.

A - las, my love, you do me wrong, To
treat me so dis - cour - teous - ly, For I have loved . .
you so long, De - light - ing in your com - pa - ny,
Green sleeves was all my joy, . . Green . . sleeves was my delight,
Green sleeves was my heart of joy, And who but my la - dy, green sleeves.

And now what may be said of the music illustrating Shakespeare, the names of whose composers are known to us? At least, that it is worthy of the immortal bard; that our greatest in music have honoured themselves in the task of wedding "perfect music unto noble words." Take Purcell's (1658-95) two songs in "The Tempest": "Come unto these yellow sands," and "Full fathom five."

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

("The Tempest," Act I., Scene 2.)

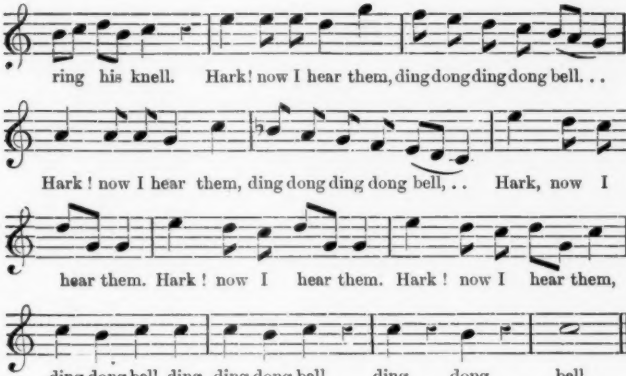
Come un - to these yel - low
sands, and then take hands, Come un - to these yel -
low sands, and then take hands,
Foot it feat - ly, here and there, And let the rest the
bur - then bear, Foot it feat - ly, here and there, And
CHORUS.
let the rest the bur - then bear. Hark! hark! the
watch dogs' bark; Hark! hark! I hear the strain of chan-ti-cleer,
Hark! hark! I hear . . the strain of chan - ti-cleer.

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES.

("The Tempest," Act I., Scene 2.)

Full fa-thom five thy fa - ther lies,

Full fa - thom five thy fa - ther lies, Of his bones is
co - - ral made; Those are pearls that were his
eyes, No - - - thing of him . . that doth fade.
Full fa - thom five thy fa - ther lies,
Full fa - thom five thy fa - ther lies, Of his bones is
co - - ral made; Those are pearls that were his
eyes, No - - - thing of him . . that doth
fade; But doth suf - fer, doth suf - fer a sea - - -
change, In - to some - thing rich . . and strange, But doth
suf - fer, doth suf - fer a sea - - change, In - to
CHORUS.
some - thing rich . . and strange. Sea-nympha hour - ly



ring his knell. Hark! now I hear them, ding dong ding dong bell. . .

Hark! now I hear them, ding dong ding dong bell, . . Hark, now I

hear them. Hark! now I hear them. Hark! now I hear them,

ding dong bell, ding ding dong bell. ding dong bell.

WHEN DAISIES PIED.

("Love's Labour's Lost." End of Play.)

Sung by Ver (Spring)—the Cuckoo.

DR. ARNE (1710-78.).



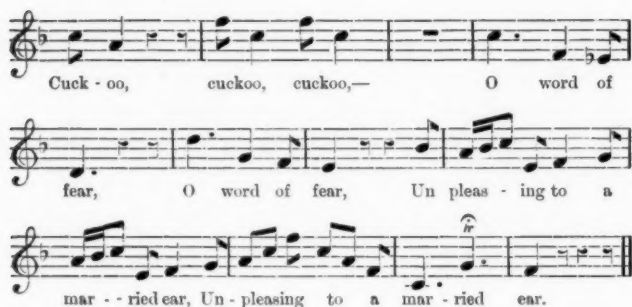
When dai - sies pied and vio - lets blue, And la - dy-smocks all
When shep-herds pipe on oat - en straws, And mer - ry larks are

sil - ver-white, And cuckoo - buds of yel - low hue, Do
plough-men's clocks, When turtles pair and rooks and daws, And

paint the mea-dows with delight. } The
mai - dens bleach their sum-mer frocks. }

cuc-koo then, on ev - ry tree, Mocks married men, mocks married men,

mocks married men, For thus sings he, Cuck - oo;

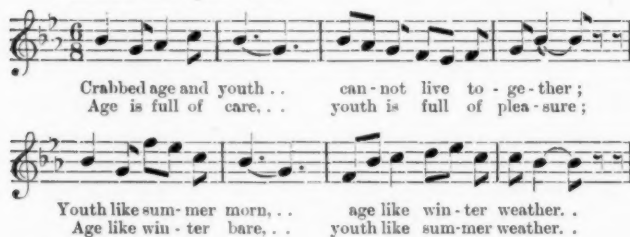


Cuck - oo, cuckoo, cuckoo,— O word of
 fear, O word of fear, Un pleas - ing to a
 mar - ried ear, Un - pleasing to a mar - ried ear.

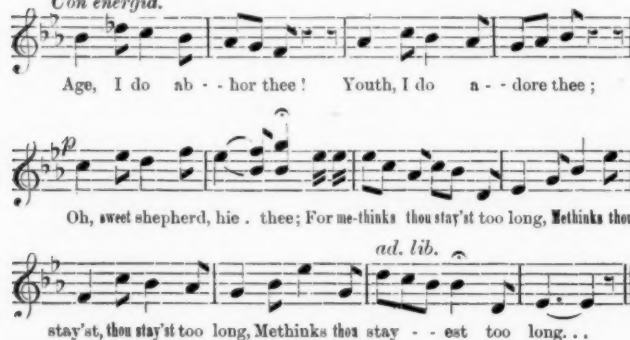
CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

(From "The Passionate Pilgrim.")

HORN (1786-1849.).

Moderato con espressione.


Crabbed age and youth . . can - not live to - ge - ther ;
 Age is full of care . . youth is full of plea - sure ;
 Youth like sum - mer morn . . age like win - ter weather . .
 Age like win - ter bare . . youth like sum - mer weather . .

Con energia.


Age, I do ab - hor thee ! Youth, I do a - - dore thee ;
 Oh, sweet shepherd, hie . thee ; For me - thinks thou stay'st too long, Methinks thou
ad. lib.
 stay'st, thou stay'st too long, Methinks thou stay - - est too long . .

Arne's (1710-78) "Under the greenwood tree," "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," and "Where the bee sucks"; Morley's (1557-1604) "It was a lover and his lass"; Bishop's (1786-1855) "Bid me discourse," and "Lo! here the gentle lark." Take these as samples of a vast store of beautiful compositions, and the conclusion will be that even Shakespeare himself could not have hoped to have his words enshrined in more lovely melodies.

"Other times, other manners"; what is laid up for us in the future we know not; the spirit of change is in the air. Not many years ago the study of music was regarded as beneath the attention of grown men of any mental capacity. Latterly, however, it has taken rank, in the general estimation, as a science not unworthy of the serious consideration of the most intelligent; nay, so eager have we become to develop, what is believed to be, the in-born musical genius of the average Briton, that we may even be within measureable distance of a time when these simple but perfect and melodious ballads shall be "caviare to the general," a time when nothing less scientifically musical than a Beethoven Sonata in A, or a Wagner symphony in unlimited flats, will appeal to the musical soul of the man in the street, "a consummation devoutly to be" avoided, and perhaps not greatly to be feared, for we ourselves have an abiding faith that the traditional love of ballad music, which has descended to us from remote ages, will cling to the English people for all time.

As I said at the outset, this is a very big subject, and I have only been able to touch its outer fringe; indeed, to treat it adequately would require many qualifications, to the possession of which I am all too conscious that I can lay no claim; as, for instance, thorough musical knowledge—the matters coming within the scope of such a subject would demand all the powers of a master of the art. Much

leisure would also be needed for careful and patient research, and the opportunity to consult the contents of the best musical libraries. This has been impossible; in fact, for the most part, notwithstanding many obligations to Chappell's "*Popular Music of the Olden Time*," I have had to rely upon my own very limited library of music.

If it could be made available for general reference, there would be opened to us an immense and almost forgotten store of splendid music written to the words of our great poet. Only a short time ago, in looking over a publication of the "*New Shakespeare Society*," issued 1880-86, I came across a number of programmes of madrigals, glees, and songs, which were given at special Shakesperean concerts, and ranging in date of composition from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, many of the favourite songs being set to music by as many as half-a-dozen noted composers, which indicates the vast field for pleasure and investigation opened by our subject.

Before concluding let me air a little grievance by asking why the musical wants and education of the public should not be catered for in something like the same generous degree as are their literary and scientific wants and education? The literary and scientific student, in search of the best that has been said and written upon any subject in which he is interested, has only to enter the public library and the means of enlightenment are before him in bewildering profusion. In quite other case is the student of music, for his investigations almost inevitably lead to the shop of the music seller, and to a heavy drain upon his own exchequer. This, it appears to me, is most unfair, and reveals a partiality in the treatment of different seekers after knowledge, which requires adjusting.

I have done, and if what is here written should give the reader a passing pleasure, or if any, in the

near or distant future, should be led, by our little excursion, to wander further afield in this same old Shakesperean pleasaunce, where musical and literary

. . . Daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-birds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,

my highest hopes will have been attained.





THE LIBRARY TABLE.

Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre. By ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

DURING a wet day last autumn, at a country inn, remote from the busy world, I came across this beautiful book, and turned from its attractive exterior to—what proved to be—the strangely fascinating pages of this old-world idyll. Compensation for the temporary disturbance of out-door pleasure was immediately secured by the possession of a source of constant delight.

The peculiar nature and varied contents of the book present difficulties in the way of exact classification. The title reminds us of the confusion in the minds of those interested in agricultural matters that followed the publication of one of John Ruskin's booklets, and readers in a mercantile and industrial centre such as this—students familiar with the ordinary day-book—might hesitate to seek refreshment and solace from the pages of any book bearing so uncongenial a title and so little encouragement as an out-of-date woman's name.

It is not a diary, nor yet a common-place book, as usually understood. A small volume of curious essay-like chapters of autobiographical form, purporting to be

selections from a much larger one. Each chapter is complete in itself, and may be read without reference to any other, but evidence there is sufficient to convince the reader of a continuity of purpose, of observation, and of power; the same personality is perceived throughout, the same keen scrutiny of word or deed, and a natural consistency maintained in all the varying moods, giving a charm to the commonest topic of conversation or criticism.

Scattered through the pages are stanzas, madrigals, and dedicatory lines in many forms of versification. The medical profession—with all the tributes paid by poet and story writer—will not despise this epigrammatic recognition of “A Healer of the Sick.”

In vanquishing their fellow men some claim
The laurel wreath, the trumpet blast of fame:
The guerdon of high honour you attain,
Not by defeat of others, but their gain.

From the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the author gathers all manner of suggestive “aids to reflection,” and of these reflections, in the light of the advanced nineteenth century with its accumulated experience and knowledge, we find records in these pages. It may be noted that in Chapter IV., page 18, are quoted, from Thomas Newton, the poet, physician, and divine, some words that were written at “Butley, in Chesshyre,” on September 21, 1576, having quaintly illustrative relation to the topic—self-appreciation—which our authoress therein treats. This contemporary of Spenser, Sidney, Shakespeare, and Marlowe thus writes:—“Debating with myself the chiefe cause why artes and disciplines do (in these Alcyon days of ours) so univerallye flourishe, although I knowe well enough that sundrye men can coigne sundrye reasons and alledge manifold verdictes and probable argumentes therefore, yet in my simple judg-

ment nothing more effectually whetteth the wittes of the studious, nor more lustely awaketh the courages of the learned than doth the favourable furtheraunce and cheerful countenance of the Prince and Nobility. For honour, preferment, dignity, and prayse feedeth, nourisheth, and maenteyneth bothe artes and vertues; and glorie is a sharpe spurre that vehementlye pricketh forward gallant heades and pregnant natures to attempt worthy enterprise." To enumerate the subjects included would be to catalogue the incidents of daily life, to dwell upon them in other than an appreciative admiration would be to detract from the anticipated pleasure of the reader. Suffice it to say that the gamut of human emotion is sounded with the most delicate touch, hidden meanings may be discovered by the reader in what appears an obvious comment upon a domestic or social custom, a vice or virtue, and contrasts are presented between a past time and the present by means of curious stories, folk-lore, or perchance a fugitive verse, and the conclusion is left to the intelligent mind according to the degree of sympathy. On one question of everyday discussion no better decision could be asked for than the following—an opinion expressed, be it remembered, by a woman:

OF THE NEW-FANGLED WOMAN.

When women in their rôle succeed,
To rival men they see no need:
When women fail as women, then
They think to try again as men.

In what is styled "the medicinal flower and herb literature," of all times, the book furnishes abundant examples—humorously the whole history is placed before us, gaining our interest in a subject that might be supposed to be dead, illustrating the quaint, mystical associations, superstitions, values accorded to flowers, plants, and herbs,

reproducing quite a library of books dealing with the ailments and the remedies, and this is done with a charm that is indescribable. "My cousin Julia tells me that what with my herbals and behaviour generally, I should assuredly have been burnt as a witch had I lived long ago. I have no doubt that many of the wise women were just as harmless amiable creatures as I am myself, with a taste for medicinal flower and herb lore, and a passion for observing signs and symbols." A fragrance is distilled from these old-world treatises that overpowers and eventually removes any prejudice a reader might conceive on glancing at the special chapter. The "Dictionary of Obsolete Flower Names," with some history, is a page that will afford pleasure to many an amateur botanist.

Probably no readers will receive this contribution to literature more gratefully than that section devoted to the study of natural history. Descriptions of bird and animal life commingling with garden lore are frequent and full of interesting bits of personal experience. "Flowers hate the east wind as much, I think, as I do, but I notice how much the eastern sun benefits them. I do not know if there is any peculiar quality valuable to human life in the morning sun, but it seems as if to many flowers it is life-giving. Perhaps the old adages in praise of early rising were the outcome of a belief in the merit of the sunlight as well as the air whilst the day was young." Indeed there can scarcely exist a reader to whom some page will not be appropriate, for there is opportunity to make not merely "a second choice" (to quote the opening of a chapter), but a variety. It is certainly a study of moods, almost every feeling is exhibited in considering life and its surroundings. "It seems to me that men go in much greater fear of making themselves ridiculous than women do. The fear of appearing in a ridiculous light would

never hinder me from carrying out any project on which I had set my heart, and to find the part of laughing-stock assigned to me is a fate that I could contemplate with perfect fortitude. I may appear ridiculous or not, but so long as the mocker's mockery does not defeat the end I have in view, it is very much to me, as a rule, as though they did not mock; and as I am in this respect, so likewise a good many women are constituted, I think. I never yet knew a man who shared to the full extent the characteristic." Modern society with its hollow mask is penetrated and its unwholesomeness revealed. But whilst indignation, scorn, contempt, find frequent expression, and impatience "with things as they are" a constant attitude, there seems always to be a note of pathos underlying the utterances, a tenderness associated with every action, and a grace distinguishing what would otherwise be a commonplace incident.

Commenting on hospitals, Bethia records:—"I went to the Hospital to-day. Just as I was setting forth I encountered Clara St. Quentin; and when, in answer to her question, I acquainted her with the nature of my errand, she displayed a shuddering amazement that the part of 'Lady Visitor' was one that I could enact. 'Oh, how can you go to such places, Miss Hardacre!' she cried. "You can't be so very soft-hearted after all. I am foolishly sympathetic perhaps, but I really could not endure to see so much suffering. I make other people's troubles so much my own, that I should be positively ill—haunted by it all for days afterwards—if I attempted anything of the sort. I always say that no one really sensitive *could* be a doctor. Any but blunt natures would be quite upset by the dreadful sights, I am sure." The Priest and the Levite who came once on a time down that road from Jerusalem to Jericho, doubtless were of Clara's way of thinking."

The page might well be printed to support appeals for hospital contributions. "Surely," she says, "want of imagination as well as want of compassion, enables us to live on, week in and week out, not lifting a finger to help, not speaking a word to comfort and strengthen."

In one of the chapters a most suggestive enquiry is made during a discussion of social topics.

"I wonder if, as the pupils of our eyes contract in strong light, conveying to the brain only a given quantity, it is so also with things spiritual? Do you think that our senses contract as do the pupils of our eyes, and absorb but a quantity of what is around?" A satisfactory reply would be of great value—perhaps the only one is made by the lady to whom the question is addressed. "If, Bethia, you would go more regularly to church, and make use of those privileges ordained for our spiritual comfort, you would not be troubled by such very distressing ideas."

It is impossible to continue this notice, brief though it may appear, and altogether inadequate to the demands of the book. It remains simply to commend it to all who seek relief from the weariness of common every-day living, and, above all, from the succession of printed pages that add only to the bulk and nothing to the mental or spiritual expansion. To those who love the old-world poesy, the old-world manners and speech, the charms of Nature in every mood, the simple direct reproof of things unworthy and unreal, these "pages" will gladden many an hour, and prove a satisfaction to many a kindred spirit. The inventive method of reproducing in our daily life the sentiment of the Elizabethan period, the poetic charm of Spenser, Herrick, and the rest of them, to be successful requires many gifts, and in these pages they are revealed and of rare quality.

T. C. ABBOTT.



SONNET.

BY J. A. GOODACRE.

LOVE is not blind whate'er the world may say,
'Tis all a fiction which the heart denies,
An idle rhyme in which no reason lies,
A random thought with which the poets play.
Love may sometimes be deaf and turn away
From warning voices and beseeching cries,
But Love without his ever-radiant eyes
Would never find a home wherein to stay.
Oh how could mortal man or maid endure
To see so fair a creature void of sight?
What would remain to charm us and allure,
Were those twin-glorious orbs extinguished quite,
And all their god-like vision strong and pure
Dissolved and lost in everlasting night?



